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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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Editorial Visits.

The only valuable known coal veins of California are in the Central or Contra Costa range of mountains, just east of Mount Diablo, or as the Indians call it, Kahwookum. These coal veins occasionally crop out for a hundred miles or more, but are found as yet profitable to work only at two adjoining localities, called Pittsburgh, and Nortonville. These are villages of perhaps three hundred inhabitants, each, devoted entirely to mining. Two railroads convey the coal some six miles into the valley east, to their respective dépots on the bank of the San Joaquin River, there to be shipped to San Francisco or wherever needed. At Pittsburgh, they have a neat Methodist Church, and at Norton a fine Congregational Church and a good Templars' Hall. At this last place there are many good Welsh families, and they are favored in having an able Welsh minister, Rev. Mr. Price, who preaches in both Welsh and English.

Over this range to the west six miles, where the great valley from the north curves up, narrowing, between the high range on the east and the noble, rugged old Mount Kahwookum on the west, at one of the most lovely and romantic spots for a village in the State, is situated a gradually-growing town, called Clayton, of perhaps four hundred people, including the farming population around. The place has but few wandering sojourners in it, but consists mostly of good, settled families who are making this locality their settled home. They have for the size of the place the best Congregational Church in the State, built of concrete and well finished off, including an excellent Mason and Hamlin's reed organ. The church-membership is about forty, and the congregation good. The Rev. Mr. Harker is their worthy and esteemed pastor, who freely speaks, as he apprehends it, the whole counsel of God. The Disciples and the Methodists have here also in union a good framed church, with regular services by the latter. This, we think, is the only union church building owned unitedly by Methodists and another denomination on the coast.

The splendid valley below Clayton is mostly owned yet by the original Mexican grantee, Mr. Pacheco, for some eight miles, where is located a flourishing town, named in honor of the land-owner, Pacheco, of perhaps six hundred people; a place of good business for the large farming country around. Yet there is but one church-building in the place, owned by the Cumberland Presbyterians, in which divine worship is generally held each Sabbath by some four or five denominations each once a month. Another five miles to the west, through rolling hills, brings one to Martinez, on the Straits of Carquinez. It is the shire-town for Contra Costa county, and thus has support for a fair population, while its business resources are very much restricted. It has Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman churches.

Across the straits to the north is the old, well-built, extended town of Benicia. It suffered greatly in the loss of business by the removal of the machine-shops of the P. M. S. S. Co., to San Francisco. Still, it sustains a large population of over a thousand inhabitants. Its large water-lime cement factory and two good tanneries, seem its most productive enterprises, while its stores and smaller shops appear to do a good amount of business. But the place is more known through the whole country and along the coast for being the site of one of the most flourishing and early female seminaries in California. It has been most successfully managed under the three administrations of Miss Lord, Miss Atkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Mills. These last have projected and are carrying out the establishment of a first-class seminary at Brooklyn, to which they are to remove in the early summer. But we are glad that still this pioneer Benicia seminary is no wise imperiled by this measure. The whole property has been purchased by worthy friends, and placed under a permanent Board of Trustees, as a leading seminary of learning for all future ages. Rev. Mr. Pope, pastor of the Congregational Church in the place is engaged with his wife to take the charge of the seminary, and through their superior qualifications for this position we are confident the institution will continue to sustain its reputation for superior instruction and mental discipline.

Seven miles to the north-west is another large and flourishing town called Vallejo. Its principal business resource springs from its immediate connection with the U. S. Navy Yard. But a peculiarity of their business is that it is irregular in its demands, so that while for one four months there may be employment for eight hundred men, at another there may be work only for three hundred. Thus transient men are to an unfavorable extent employed, even often to the great disparagement of settled men of families. But the most attractive position of the place is the southern, lying immediately at the terminus of the Cal. Pacific Railroad, a mile or more distant from the other portion connected with the Navy Yard.

Here is gradually gathering a fine American population in a growing town of good buildings quite in character of a city. Different Christian people here are united on the scriptural basis of a church, in union, co-operating as an independent body for the advancement of the cause of religion in their locality. They have a worthy and esteemed pastor, Rev. Mr. Goodnough, and together seem prosperous in their work. In old Vallejo there are Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Romish churches, all but one large and prospering. In this city, though it may surpass all others of its size in the amount of intoxicating liquor drank by the people; yet, as an offset to this, and in opposition to it, here is the largest, most flourishing Temperance organization of Good Templars in the State. In the immediate vicinity, occupying a sightly situation, is located the Good Templar Orphan Asylum for the State, a noble, imposing, and elegant structure, nearly completed throughout, which might well be judged to cost thirty-five thousand dollars. We are not informed of its real expense. The business of Vallejo, in connection with the railroad, is very great and steadily increasing, as thus a way of access is from it opened directly and easily to the whole Suisun and north Sacramento valleys in one direction, and in another to Napa Valley and the adjoining regions. The town is evidently destined to become one of the largest cities of the State, as it is now the seventh in size in California.

S. V.

How to be Fishers of Men.

A LECTURE-ROOM TALK, BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Master told his disciples he would make them fishers of men. In another place, he said the kingdom of heaven was like a net cast into the sea and gathered of every kind; and these two figures, net and line, fitly shadow how men are brought from natural to spiritual life.

The collective influence of church-meetings and personal influence thereby—these two should go together. The object of preaching is to stir up the sympathies, to make the heart alive; men affected by preaching should be like fruit coming into August weather—should find themselves ripening from day to day. There is nothing more cheering than every day to hear new developments of Christian life. Its joys are like nothing else in life; its labor is not labor; we go with wings at such times. Now there is nothing incompatible with being fishers of individual men, and it is that point I wish to show to-night.

Never were so many men susceptible of personal persuasion as now. I remember the time when men, out of the church, were almost invincible. They used to put themselves on their defense, and often oppose and resist. I've known times when it was almost unwarrantable and unforgivable to speak to them upon religion. The reason of the difference is, the reflected light of religion is greater, and the multitudes are not in so repugnant a state. It is easy to approach men and talk to them. We are more than certain that we shall be welcome. Hundreds of persons, if approached discreetly, will be found wishing for it like him of the pool of Bethesda, longing for some disciple to come and say: "Wilt thou be whole?"

There are young people ready to be led by some friend; business men who would like to hear some one call out to them. Like ships in a fog at sea, there are men in the fogs of life who would be glad to hear some one's voice calling them to come out of their fogs. There are a great many persons whose feet are almost ready to slide, who would rejoice to get out of the net if there were any to rescue them. As in the time of the Master, "behold, the fields are ready."

None will be fishers who have no real life themselves. It is prerequisite that a person love the Christian life, and that religion be a reality to him. There must be two great elements in this subject. First, that of eternity, infinity; second, deity. You must talk of truths in their infinite relations; your mode of address must offer something more than matters of to-day and to-morrow, and then you must come with the authority of God; and the claims and nature of this love of God carried with you, either consciously or unconsciously, will give you success. We are pointing toward the Infinite. We fit in, we belong to the divine nature; and where both these influences are brought in they give us power. We ought to be under the influence of these inspiring facts, if we would be fishers of men. The particular method and language will depend on a thousand circumstances.

There is nowhere a godless man, ugly as he may be, who is not just like others. You should go to him, kindly, and make his acquaintance—that is the first step. You see him a second time, and you say to yourself: "I am fishing for this man." When men go a-fishing, they throw away bait, and there the fish swarm, and afterward, when the bait is on the hook, the fish are caught. There is a good deal of the fish in man. You may thus lead a great coarse nature on to the Lord's side. These men, with Pauline passions, are worth studying, worth toiling and striving for. Thus did Christ; though rich, he became poor, and prepared the way to draw us to him.

How many will strip themselves of power, ease, and pleasure? How many men will wait on a fellow-man, especially if he is a mean man? How many of you will make yourselves each one a sacrifice for another man? Does not a mother deny herself and throw herself away for her child? Can you not do that for another as well as she? Take a drunkard and try to save him. "He knows his drinking don't hurt him—knows it don't."

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." There are men, and working men, in our church who have gone almost to the pit through drink. It is a great triumph to conquer the demon of intemperance. Are you willing to love the drunkard, and follow him day by day to save him? There is a woman in Brooklyn who makes it her business to follow such men till she at last wins them. She has rescued many souls out of their misery.

Do you remember the man cast out of the synagogue, how Jesus Christ found him, and became companionable unto him? When a man is cast out and disgraced, and feels the ground falling from under him, how many are there who watch for the chance to go to such and say: "There are men who believe in you, take courage?" There are such men who, if sought out, would be reclaimed, sweetened, and ripened into the Christian life. If I were to cast out the net and pull the net to shore, you'd all come to rejoice at it; but how many of you will search out a soul and bring him to the Master? Is it not your duty? And when that soul shall be given you, select another and another. When you seek to lead others, you must be sure to have piety yourself. How it will teach you to pray! If once you are hooked on to a man and find you have no power over him, then you must pray as you never prayed before for that power from God. What a force you would be if you were all fishers of men!

Mr. Hill.—I fear some may not be reached in this meeting. I suggest they be invited to ask council of any member of the church wherever they find him, and I think you will find they will be glad to see you.

Mr. G.—When I go a-fishing, I don't expect the fish to come to me, but I go to them.

Mr. Beecher.—You have no objection to have them come to you, have you?

Mr. G.—O no, sir! Is it not our duty to take on ourselves the salvation of a soul—day by day, go to that one, and pray for him till he is saved?

Mr. Beecher.—There are many persons who say they have no influence, therefore can do nothing; but they are really better fitted to do this work than if higher in influence. Almost every village has an old woman, a real Christian; children like to hear her talk; perhaps almost a pauper, yet this poor old witness for Christ has more power than the minister.

I remember a broken-backed wood-sawyer, old Tom, at Indianapolis. He used to say: "Well, Massa, I shan't be here a great while." That feeling, "I know in whom I have believed," I remember the power it had on me, and it made people say: "I wish I was that nigger" (about as low as could be, to their thinking).

You remember Naaman, when he went to be healed, and was told to go wash in Jordan seven times, said no, he would not. He thought he should have been treated royally. But the servants came near (they were the ones who spoke to him, and he would take council from them) and said: "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather when he said, Wash and be clean." Then he went and dipped in Jordan, and he was clean.

The words and influence of an ignorant person who was lost and is found, God will bless to the proud when nothing else will reach him.—*Christian Union.*

The Other Side.

It is very convenient to be persecuted. The Roman Catholic Church, which has excelled all heathendom in infamous persecutions, just now finds it convenient to play the other part; and all their High Mightinesses, the archbishops and cardinals, have donned their most regal robes to take part in the great tragedy of "The Church in Chains." But it is only a play. Nobody but the green countrymen in the pit believe the thing real. The Archbishop of Westminster—beg pardon, "Henry Edward, by the Grace of God and the Favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of 'Westminster"—lifts up his voice in piteous lamentations over the Pope's captivity; and the Catholics of New York publish violent protests that are as full of "sound and fury, signifying nothing" as a Fenian state paper. The only unhappy thing about it all is that the Pope is not a prisoner. He can go where he chooses, and Italy will rejoice when his last trunk is checked. But he complains that he is not free to exercise his functions as Head of the church. Perhaps not. He cannot steal the children of Jews any longer, and this seems to be a necessary function of the Vicar of Christ. For, did not Christ say: "Sufer little children to come unto me?" which means, "Baptize them fraudulently, and then send *gens d'armes* and fetch them into convents." Archbishop Manning says that the overthrow of the Pope is "the deadliest blow to all Christian kings." True, Your Eminence, and to all un-Christian kings. It is a step toward the liberty and self-government of the people. Hence our joy. But, when you tell us that "Christian legislation and Christian government have been dethroned and dissolved in the person of Pius the Ninth," we do not believe a word you say, Your Eminence. The history of the Protestant nations gives the lie to your lamentation.—*Independent.*

Things in Brief.

It is wonderful what influence a popular writer can exercise over house property in London. For instance, Thackeray, in several of his novels, ridicules Baker street as the home of poor, pretentious gentility and dull dowagerism; consequently, many persons really became shy of living in a street which became a sort of by-word and reproach.

General Schenck, who has just been appointed to succeed Mr. Motley as Minister to England, is sixty-one years old, and is a native of Ohio. His experience has been wide and varied. He has been a teacher, a lawyer, a railroad agent, and has served the Government for many years as minister to Brazil, member of Congress, and general in the army.

Father Hyacinthe is now in London, the guest of Dean Stanley, at Westminster Abbey. He receives much attention, having been visited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Gladstone, Drs. Pusey, Jowett, and most of the magnates of church and state. All are expecting great things of him as the leader of an anti-papal movement in the Catholic Church, and if rumor speaks truly, as soon as the noise of war is hushed, his voice will be heard summoning his countrymen to a true Catholic faith, in opposition to the pretensions of papal infallibility.

The sum of $5,000 has been contributed in England by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Clarendon, the Rothschilds and others for the widows and orphans of the crew of the United States steamer Oneida. They have notified Minister Thornton at Washington that the sum will be sent to him for distribution.

Robert Lincoln, son of the late President Lincoln, has joined the Swedenborgian Church in Illinois. His partner in business, John Y. Scanmore, a well known banker and lawyer, is one of the most prominent Swedenborgians of the country.

The Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D., in a recent lecture in the Tabernacle Church, New York, combated the theories of Professor Huxley and his partisans, as regards the development of the religion of ancient Egypt. He holds that that religion degenerated from a worship of God to the merest idolatry, while the English savans contend that the development was in the ascending scale.

The *Church Journal* calls attention to a strange performance which should not be allowed to pass without rebuke: "The daily papers tell us that the Roman Catholic Bishop made a visit last Friday to Randall's Island and other places up the East River, and that *two hundred and fifty-three* boys and girls were confirmed on that day. The fact seems to be heralded as a significant one. A flourish of trumpets and other accompaniments appear to show that the affair was regarded as a grand occasion. It was, moreover, at the public expense. Was it not also at the expense of those citizens whom Rome classes as 'Protestants' and 'non-Catholics?' Were all those 253 boys and girls of Roman Catholic origin? How many of them had been manipulated for the occasion? How many perverted from what was at least the nominal faith of their fathers?"

A goodly number of persons, ministers and laymen, went up from Philadelphia to witness the services at the dedication of Wayne Presbyterian Church in Radnor Township, Delaware County. A year ago no church existed at that place. The cost of the church building, which is complete from foundation to spire, with its furniture, was between $12,000 and $13,000. The cost of the manse was $7,500. On the day of the dedication it was announced that Mr. Askin had crowned his generous gifts by adding $25,000, as an endowment for the church, the interest to be applied to the payment of the pastor's salary forever, the endowment being given under the same conditions of trust as the other property.

Dr. Jebb, of the Bible Revision Committee in England, has resigned. He says, "I am fully persuaded that this most religious work ought not to have been committed by Convocation to any but members of the Church of England; and according to the almost invariable precedents of past time, to her ordained ministers—those to whom the keeping and interpretation of God's Word is specially intrusted, according to the will, as I firmly believe, of Christ himself."

The Memory of the Just.

A SERMON PREACHED TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOUTH VALLEJO, CAL., DEC. 25, 1870, BY REV. A. M. GOODNOUGH.

TEXT—Proverbs x: 7. *"The memory of the just is blessed."*

Every living man is possessed of a moral character, and wields an important moral influence, the memory of which when dying he will bequeath to the world. Passing from mortal view he carries with him his character, but leaves the memory of it behind him, a lasting heritage of good or ill to all posterity. The light of the sun streams over the mountain tops and reaches far out toward the eastern sky, long after the sun himself has dipped his face in the western waters, or veiled it behind the sunset-hills. Thus the "orb of day" may pass from sight while his shining long remains—indeed, twilight forever follows, close upon the footsteps of daylight, round and round the earth. So the twilight influence of memory ever follows the character which has passed before; it is the remaining light, which lingers in the train of departed spirits long after they have passed beyond the confines of this present scene and entered the unseen land. In the visions of memory we see them still; "being dead they yet speak," and their voices have an untold and measureless power in molding the thoughts and fixing the destiny of living men and women. In this sphere of moral influence, as in the natural world, the inflexible law holds good, that "like begets like;" and as all influences, whether present or posthumous, are the legitimate offspring of character, it follows that the "fountain cannot rise higher than its source," or the influence be better than its parentage. We are not surprised, therefore, to read the proverb of the wise man, and find it saying: "The memory of the just is blessed;" it is blessed indeed, because a blessing to posterity attends it; "but the name of the wicked shall rot"—it shall not perish from the earth, but it shall *rot*, and remain, an unsightly thing, sending forth poisonous odors of disease and decay. The posthumous influence of the good man will be good, and of the bad man will be bad, and these will both go on forever.

Every man ought so to live as to leave the world the better for his living in it—it is certain, if it is not better it will be worse. There is no middle, no neutral ground, in the great moral conflict between right and wrong, truth and error, holiness and sin; men cannot always see as God sees, but in his Book there is written opposite every man's name either "for" or "against." To every serious mind this present life is in some sense an eternal life, because we are not only forming a character for the endless future, but are every day setting in motion influences which will never cease to act. No man can measure the far-reaching consequences which may follow the utterance of any word, or the performance of any deed, which has a moral bearing. The "word" may rise up to bless him long after the tongue which uttered it is still in death. the "deed" may increase with hallowed interest until its wealth of blessing is multiplied a thousand-fold long after the hand that performed it is moldered into dust. "The memory of the just is blessed." How rich in varied meaning, how deep in tender feeling, are the thought and theme here set forth. The memory of the just—the memory of Christian character, and the value of its influence as a heritage for our children, and for the world—oh, who shall declare how blessed this memory is, and by what standard shall we measure its

great value? The memory of the just man is BLESSED indeed; he needs no sculptured marble nor molded bronze to bear his name, and the story of his life, to coming generations. They shall be written in the annals of living experience, graven on the fleshly tablets of the human heart, and their hallowed influence descend not only to his children, but to his children's children, and their posterity, to the last days of time. His name "shall blossom from the dust that covers his narrow mound," and a worn pathway be beaten to it, as to a sacred shrine, by the pilgrim feet of those who in honor of his blessed memory shall come to crown his grave with chaplets of evergreen, saying: Here lies God's nobleman, an honest man.

"The jewels which adorned his life were brighter far
Than ever graced the coronet of king or conqueror."

O, ye fathers, and mothers, who toil long and earnestly that you may leave to your children a competence; that they may have advantages in education, a position by inherited fortune which you lacked; that they may escape the hardness of privations which you suffered, the keenness of hardship and perhaps of want which you endured, the carefulness of economy and the diligence of labor which you practiced for their sake, that in all these things they might be better off than you;—in the midst of all your struggles in life having in view this ambition for your children's welfare (which within certain limits is just and honorable), have you never thought, that after all there is something better which you can leave your children; something higher, purer, and nobler; something more lasting and valuable than material wealth, or any advantages which its possession can secure? It is so. And this richer heritage is the influence of a Christian character, devoted to the love of God and the service of mankind, a character which shall have weight and worth, and wealth of blessing, not only while you live, but which, even when you are dead, kept in the tender stewardship of memory, shall be an endownent of joy forever. When you are dead—and oh, how soon will this be said of us all! The question will soon be asked of us, Where is this father, this mother, this daughter, this son? Where the friend and lover? and the answer will be: Dead, *dead*, DEAD. In the words of an old sexton's song:

"Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.
But come they stranger or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

A year is not a long time, nor have we many of them. "Our days are as a shadow that declineth," and we spend our years "as a tale that is told." But the character of those, who in the march of life succeed us on the stage, will borrow much in form and color from ours. Each departing generation bequeaths to that succeeding, not only its material wealth, but its soul-wealth, and its heart-wealth, precious relics of its mental and moral life. The expectation of a better future for mankind born in Christian feeling, and nurtured by Christian thought, gives peculiar force to the question, What will the character of the coming man be, who is to soon occupy our place? and, to my mind, there is a peculiar beauty in the poet's words, although they seem first to have been uttered only with the thought of human frailty:

"Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

"We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come?"

And yet, even in a hundred years, our influence descending from our children to their posterity, shall not have ceased, but only just begun. What sort of influence shall it be? What do you wish your children to remember of you and your character and life when you are gone; when you have passed the portals of eternity and the doors are closed behind you, cutting short the reach of mortal vision, and hiding from strained and tearful eyes the light within the veil? Perhaps you have thought much of what you will leave to your children as an inheritance of worldly treasure. To this one you will give a sum of money, to another you will give a lot of land, to another a farm for a homestead, to another an interest in a mine, to another stocks and bonds, and to another a ship on the sea. But, oh, what MEMORIES will you give to them all as a common heritage, which shall outlast all others? Memories of your character and life, which shall come to them from the fireside altar and family board; memories from the field of labor, the shop, the bank, the mill, the market-place, the church with heavenward pointing spire, and last of all, the green grave-yard! "The memory of the just is blessed,"—shall this be our memory, yours and mine? What nobler, what more enduring heritage can we hope to leave behind as to our posterity and the world?

Contrary to my usual habit of discourse, I propose to illustrate my argument for the Value of Christian Character and its posthumous influence, by a somewhat extended reference to matters connected with my own personal history. This I do not only because the circumstances which I shall relate are remarkable in themselves, but because they furnish a most striking illustration of the power and wealth of that blessing which attends the "memory of the just." In the spring of 1862, I visited for the first time the village of Geneva, in Kane county, Illinois, and the church-yard, which lies just in the outskirts of the town, where a plain marble slab marks the last resting-place of my mother, whose maiden name was Harriet M. Conant. She died in the summer of 1838, when I was but 5 months old, and she but 23 years and 3 days. Two years later, I was taken to Vermont, where I was brought up and educated in a state which I have ever been proud to call my "home" and "native land." I need not attempt to describe my feelings, as I stood alone, and for the first time, by that hallowed mound, upon which the grasses of many summers had already grown green and faded, and the frosty skies of many winters cast their snowy shroud. I will only mention, because needful to my purpose, the unutterable longing I had to know more of my mother's character, and of her early history, faith, and feeling, than any one ever had given me, or for aught I knew, than any one living could give. I had grown up in a region remote from her relatives, and more than twenty years had already left their obliterating marks upon the memory of my mother as cherished in their minds. My father, always comparatively reticent upon these matters, or seemingly so to me (perhaps because so long a time elapsed before I grew old enough to take an interest in them), never communicated to me anything that I can remember concerning that which I most of all desired to know about my mother, yet scarcely dared to ask—What was her religious feeling? Had she a hope in our blessed Saviour? Did she love his word, and strive to keep his commands? Was it her constant and high endeavor to fashion her life after the noble pattern given in his? To follow the pure, the tender, the beautiful example set in the life of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us—"gave Himself that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works?" These questions I could ask, but found no one to answer them, even ever so faintly, and I had not a line of my mother's writing, nor aught that could bear one word of testimony as to her religious life or feeling. Thus the curtain which hid from my sight that knowledge I had so long and so earnestly craved, seemed closely drawn; nor did I dream until almost this very hour that a hand to me unknown, would be stretched out to push aside its dark folds, and show me my mother's character in letters of light! Ay, more, show me my mother sitting with Mary at the Saviour't feet! Truth is stranger than fiction. After 32 years the vail is lifted, and I have received such knowledge (of one always most dear to my thought, but whose character, to my mind was almost wholly ideal, and could not even be remembered because never known)—such knowledge as I never expected to receive this side of the grave—knowledge which has opened in my eyes a fountain of tears, which will flow but for a day; but in my heart, a fountain of joy which will flow on forever! I am suddenly made rich! and my heritage, locked in the treasure-house of my heart, cannot be wasted, nor can any thief break through and steal it away. The legacy I have received, suddenly and most unexpectedly, is *the knowledge that I had a Christian mother*, a legacy witnessed by her own hand and seal—by her own words preserved upon the written page! Her own religious thoughts and feelings, her pure faith, and earnest longing for a higher life, her hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and her strong purpose and desire to be, and to do, just that, and all that, her blessed Lord and Master required, are on record. You will be interested to know how this knowledge come to me, nor can I forbear to tell you at some length. A few weeks since, I received a magazine published in Boston, Mass., containing an article of "Reminiscences," by Mrs. Sarah L. Clark, a lady hitherto unknown to me, but who it seems was my mother's chosen companion during her girlhood-days in New England, and who was ever afterward (though they were far apart—one living in Illinois, and the other in Ohio) her faithful correspondent and confidential friend. In this article, which bears witness to a remarkable friendship which began forty years ago, and whose spell of tender confidence and truthfulness was never broken, Mrs. C. gives frequent extracts from my mother's letters—"the faded, yellow letters," some of them dating back as far as 1826, yet carefully kept, because in the language of her friend, they contained "the heart-history of one most dearly loved, and long since passed away." Among, or in, these extracts, which chiefly are concerning religious questions, I first found the knowledge of my mother's character, and the sure evidence of her Christian faith, and feeling, tenderly and confidingly expressed to one who shared her fullest confidence. Having with some difficulty obtained the address of this "Friend of my mother," with full heart I wrote to her a letter of thanks for her article. And to that letter I have lately received a most touching and beautiful response—a response in "words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—and with it, oh, wondrous legacy! MY MOTHER'S LETTERS! A packet of worn, faded, yellow letters—letters on which have fallen, perchance, first a mother's tears, then a friend's, and now a son's! Precious letters! Seated alone by my fireside, I carefully unbound the ties which held together the package, and tenderly, one by one, unfolded and read the messages which had come to me, almost as a "voice from the parted sky," or as a "sound from beyond the river." Every word and letter, every point, dot, and dash, every line drawn or flourish made in girlish fancy, is sacred!—sacred because the hand that wrote, has long since moldered into dust. In these letters, which go back to the time when my mother was but eleven years of age, and then extended forward a period of some twelve years, until near the time of her death, I find the life-record, and heart-history, first of a happy, eager school-girl, struggling with her tasks; next a school-teacher, looking forward with anxious interest toward the advancing dawn of womanhood, and the duties of active life. Again, touched with the wonderful power of love, she is "the betrothed," describing with uncensurable and honest pride to her confidential friend, the excellence of her "intended," and her dreams of future happiness and usefulness in life. Then, presently, she is the young wife, with household cares, and prudent plans; but soon thereafter, with swelling heart, she bids good-by—a long, and as time proved, a last farewell, to her dear native hills and peaceful vales, the scene of her girlish rambles and fond companionships, to which ever afterward her heart turned back with sorrowful longing—longing for the dear old home in Vermont, which was exchanged for a cabin in the prairie wilds of Illinois, fifteen miles from the nearest post-office, or church, which were in Chicago, a then insignificant country village, with log-houses for dwellings, stores, and hotels! In this rude home—a "log-cabin" with one room, I was born and my mother died. In all these letters, which are filled with gems of poetry, and yet contain many well-pondered thoughts, together with many rich flashes of sudden feeling and force, there is nothing to offend the most scrupulous taste. I can find none but the purest sentiments of morality, faith, friendship, charity, memory, and hope. One tender, and I doubt not heart-felt, confession of religious feeling, I select from many as a representative blossom to weave in this chaplet, made sacred to her memory. For in my mind, in these reminiscences I bring you not the cypress, but the laurel; not the emblem of death, but of life; not the reversed torch and broken column, but a basket of flowers fragrant with the odors of Paradise. In a letter bearing date May 26th, 1836, I find this language, which I carefully quote word for word: "As to myself, respecting my interest in these things (referring to religious views and experiences), I have settled the matter in this way: by the assistance of God I will try to break off from every known sin, to do justly by all my fellow-creatures, seek to be like our Saviour, to follow his blessed example, to live soberly and honestly in this present evil world, and to risk the event with God. I do not always live up to these rules: I am an erring, sinful creature, the Lord forgive me." The letter closes with these tender words: "Farewell, dearest! may you be kept from trials and temptations; may you ever enjoy the smiles of our blessed Saviour, and ever keep his divine commands, and oh! continue to pray for your unworthy sister, that she may find the truth, that she may walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

I know not whether my eyes are dimmed with tears of joy or grief, as I read these tender messages, which have come to me as from angel hands; but I know that in the providence of God a wonderful heritage has fallen to me—a legacy whose value cannot be measured by dollars and cents, or houses, ships, or lands. Nor can I find any standard by which to measure it, nor any words to adequately set forth my sense of its great and lasting value. I feel that, by the grace of God, I shall to my dying day be a happier man, and a better man, a more devoted Christian, and a more faithful and earnest "Christian minister," for this knowledge of my mother's Christian character, and the possession of the precious letters which bear unmistakable testimony to it. If in the mercy of God, I am ever again permitted to stand by my mother's grave, I shall look up to the face of the sky with no questioning glance; I shall *know*, of the meeting and the greeting which await me when my earthly pilgrimage is over. And standing by that hallowed spot I shall perchance repeat to myself these beautiful words, which I select from the closing sentences in the article of "Reminiscences," written by my mother's friend—these beautiful and touching words, which like a chime of bells—distant bells, calling from the sadness of earth to the joys of heaven—have been ringing in my ears since first I read them: "She still lives, the same sweet, gentle friend I loved so well, the beautiful and tender spirit that so early passed away from earth." I keep her letters—dear, touching mementos of her early struggles—but my heart turns joyfully to the less-distant future, and that home where we so soon shall meet, to join with all souls in the glad anthem of the redeemed, and to be separated never more.

Dear friends, if such is the worth to me of a knowledge of my mother's Christian character, received so late in life; and such the hallowed influence attending this knowledge, what fullness of blessing must attend that experience which has known, and that memory which recalls, the wealth and warmth of a pious mother's love, proved face to face, heart to heart, and soul to soul Do not think my zeal too great, nor my language too strong, my figures overdrawn, in thus magnifying the glory of the Christian character, and exalting the value of its enduring, sacred influences. There is no heritage of blessing so great, so dear as that which is bequeathed us in the "memory of the just." Often the consistent life of Christian parents fails to win their children to the ways of wisdom, when the influence of their death, of their blessed memory, reaching far down the track of years, succeeds—succeeds at last in melting, softening, and winning the hard heart and the proud spirit. Indeed, if the living power of a Christian life, and the hallowed influence of its subsequent memories cherished in the hearts of children who will hear no more on earth "the pleading voice that rose for them in prayer;" if this power and influence do not win them to a true following of Christ, no human instrumentality can. Above the main entrance to the house of the "Royal Humane Society" in London, England, there is this beautiful representation in bass relief: Before a bed of dying coals a child is kneeling and earnestly blowing upon them in hope to fan the wasting embers to a flame, while underneath is written this motto of encouragement: "*Latet Forsan Scintilla*"—"Perhaps there yet remains a spark." Oh, ye children of Christian nurture! ye sons and daughters of Christian parentage, now wandering from the way in which ye were taught, *if there yet remains a spark* in you, of filial love, of loyalty to the name you bear, and to your father's God, shall not the memory of your pious parents' faith kindle that spark to a living, spreading flame! And shall we not all of us, while the opportunity remains, set a higher price upon our soul-wealth of faith, and love, and upon our heart-treasures of purity and honor, and upon every prize and token of Christian attainment which the abundant grace of God bestows, that our children may not only inherit our qualities and traits, with our blood, but that they may ever have of us a blessed memory—the memory of the just!

Ministerial and Church Directory.

LOCATION.	NAME.	PASTOR.	SUPT. SAB. SCHOOL.
CALIFORNIA.	*Congregational.*		
Alameda	Without Charge	Rev. W. A. Tenney	
Antioch		Rev. Josiah Bates	
Angels Camp	Congregational	Rev. E. Graves	
Antioch	First Congregational	Rev. A. H. Johnson, Acting	Deacon H. W. Brewer
Benicia	First Congregational	Rev. C. H. Pope	
Cache Creek	First Congregational		
Chico	First Congregational	Rev. J. M. Woodman, Acting	
Clayton	First Congregational	Rev. M. Harker, Acting	
Cloverdale	First Congregational	Rev. E. Janes, Acting	
Colusa	First Congregational		
Copperopolis	First Congregational		
Dixon	First Congregational		
Dutch Flat	First Congregational		
Eden Plain	First Congregational	Rev. A. H. Johnson	
El Dorado	First Congregational		
Eureka	First Congregational	Rev. J. T. Wills	
Folsom	First Congregational		
Grass Valley	First Congregational	Rev. T. G. Thurston, Acting	
Haywards	Eden Congregational	Rev. B. N. Seymour	
Hydesville	Congregational	Rev. L. W. Winslow, Acting	
Lincoln	First Congregational		
Lockeford	First Congregational	Rev. W. D. Bishop	
Lockeford	Evangelist	Rev. W. W. Brier	
Los Angeles	First Congregational	Rev. J. W. Atherton, Acting	
Mokelumne Hill	First Congregational	Rev. R. Graves	
Murphy's	First Congregational		
National City	First Congregational		
Nevada City, cor Church and Main sts.	First Congregational		
Nortonville	First Congregational	Rev. J. Price	
Oakland, Broadway bet 10th and 11th	First Congregational	Rev. George Moosr. D.D.	Dr. R. E. Cole
Oakland, at the Point	Second Congregational	Rev D. B. Gray	Henry A. Palmer
Oakland, Broadway	Mission	Rev. J. Kimball, Acting	William Jordan
Oakland	Prof. University California	Rev. M. Kellogg	
Oakland	Editor of Pacific	Rev. S. V. Blakeslee	
Oakland	Without charge	Rev. J. E. Benton	
Oroville	First Congregational	Rev. G. P. Buchanan, Acting	
Petaluma, cor Fifth and B streets	First Congregational	Rev. C. J. Hutchins	
Pescadero	First Congregational	Rev. G. R. Ellis, Acting	
Poland	First Congregational	Rev. Mr. Bishop	
Redwood	First Congregational	H. E. Jewett	
Rio Vista	Congregational	Rev. J. J. Powell	S. C. Brown
Rocklin	Congregational		
Sacramento, Sixth street, bet I and J	First Church of Christ	Rev. I. E. Dwitell, D.D	
San Andreas	First Congregational	Rev. R. Graves	
San Bernardino	First Congregational	Rev. J. Bates	
San Buenaventura	Congregational	Rev. W. C. Merritt	
San Francisco, cor Cal'a and Dupont	First Congregational	Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D	L. B. Benchley
San Francisco, Taylor near Geary	Second Congregational	Rev. E. G. Beckwith, Acting	E. D. Sawyer
San Francisco, cor Fifteenth & Mission	Third Congregational	Rev. W. C. Pond	William Johnston
San Francisco, bet Stockton & Powell	Green St. Congregational	Rev. E. Corwin	H. H. Lawrence
San Fran., nor. side Bryant bet 3d & 4th	South Park Congregatn'l		G. F. G. Morgan
San Francisco, cor Sac'to and Drumm.	Mariners' (undenomin'l)	Rev. J. Rowell	F. W. Gill
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Woodland	First Congregational	Rev. S. Rosboro	
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Forest Grove	Prof. Pacific University	Rev. H. Lyman	
Forest Grove	Without charge	Rev. E. Walker, Acting	
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Walla Walla	Missionary and Teacher	Rev. C. Eells	
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Arcata	First Presbyterian	Rev. J. S. Todd, Acting	
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Ione	First Presbyterian		
Jackson	First Presbyterian		
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Napa		Rev. J. Wylie	
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great value? The memory of the just man is BLESSED indeed; he needs no sculptured marble nor molded bronze to bear his name, and the story of his life, to coming generations. They shall be written in the annals of living experience, graven on the fleshly tablets of the human heart, and their hallowed influence descend not only to his children, but to his children's children, and their posterity, to the last days of time. His name "shall blossom from the dust that covers his narrow mound," and a worn pathway be beaten to it, as to a sacred shrine, by the pilgrim feet of those who in honor of his blessed memory shall come to crown his grave with chaplets of evergreen, saying: Here lies God's nobleman, an honest man.

"The jewels which adorned his life were brighter far
Than ever graced the coronet of king or conqueror."

O, ye fathers, and mothers, who toil long and earnestly that you may leave to your children a competence; that they may have advantages in education, a position by inherited fortune which you lacked; that they may escape the hardness of privations which you suffered, the keenness of hardship and perhaps of want which you endured, the carefulness of economy and the diligence of labor which you practiced for their sake, that in all these things they might be better off than you;—in the midst of all your struggles in life having in view this ambition for your children's welfare (which within certain limits is just and honorable), have you never thought, that after all there is something better which you can leave your children; something higher, purer, and nobler; something more lasting and valuable than material wealth, or any advantages which its possession can secure? It is so. And this richer heritage is the influence of a Christian character, devoted to the love of God and the service of mankind, a character which shall have weight and worth, and wealth of blessing, not only while you live, but which, even when you are dead, kept in the tender stewardship of memory, shall be an endownent of joy forever. When you are dead—and oh, how soon will this be said of us all! The question will soon be asked of us, Where is this father, this mother, this daughter, this son? Where the friend and lover? and the answer will be: Dead, *dead*, DEAD. In the words of an old sexton's song:

"Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.
But come they stranger or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in."

A year is not a long time, nor have we many of them. "Our days are as a shadow that declineth," and we spend our years "as a tale that is told." But the character of those, who in the march of life succeed us on the stage, will borrow much in form and color from ours. Each departing generation bequeaths to that succeeding, not only its material wealth, but its soul-wealth, and its heart-wealth, precious relics of its mental and moral life. The expectation of a better future for mankind born in Christian feeling, and nurtured by Christian thought, gives peculiar force to the question, What will the character of the coming man be, who is to soon occupy our place? and, to my mind, there is a peculiar beauty in the poet's words, although they seem first to have been uttered only with the thought of human frailty:

"Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

"We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come,
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come?"

And yet, even in a hundred years, our influence descending from our children to their posterity, shall not have ceased, but only just begun. What sort of influence shall it be? What do you wish your children to remember of you and your character and life when you are gone; when you have passed the portals of eternity and the doors are closed behind you, cutting short the reach of mortal vision, and hiding from strained and tearful eyes the light within the veil? Perhaps you have thought much of what you will leave to your children as an inheritance of worldly treasure. To this one you will give a sum of money, to another you will give a lot of land, to another a farm for a homestead, to another an interest in a mine, to another stocks and bonds, and to another a ship on the sea. But, oh, what MEMORIES will you give to them all as a common heritage, which shall outlast all others? Memories of your character and life, which shall come to them from the fireside altar and family board; memories from the field of labor, the shop, the bank, the mill, the market-place, the church with heaven-ward pointing spire, and last of all, the green grave-yard! "The memory of the just is blessed,"—shall this be our memory, yours and mine? What nobler, what more enduring heritage can we hope to leave behind as to our posterity and the world?

Contrary to my usual habit of discourse, I propose to illustrate my argument for the Value of Christian Character and its posthumous influence, by a somewhat extended reference to matters connected with my own personal history. This I do not only because the circumstances which I shall relate are remarkable in themselves, but because they furnish a most striking illustration of the power and wealth of that blessing which attends the "memory of the just." In the spring of 1862, I visited for the first time the village of Geneva, in Kane county, Illinois, and the church-yard, which lies just in the outskirts of the town, where a plain marble slab marks the last resting-place of my mother, whose maiden name was Harriet M. Conant. She died in the summer of 1838, when I was but 5 months old, and she but 23 years and 3 days. Two years later, I was taken to Vermont, where I was brought up and educated in a state which I have ever been proud to call my "home" and "native land." I need not attempt to describe my feelings, as I stood alone, and for the first time, by that hallowed mound, upon which the grasses of many summers had already grown green and faded, and the frosty skies of many winters cast their snowy shroud. I will only mention, because needful to my purpose, the unutterable longing I had to know more of my mother's character, and of her early history, faith, and feeling, than any one ever had given me, or for aught I knew, than any one living could give. I had grown up in a region remote from her relatives, and more than twenty years had already left their obliterating marks upon the memory of my mother as cherished in their minds. My father, always comparatively reticent upon these matters, or seemingly so to me (perhaps because so long a time elapsed before I grew old enough to take an interest in them), never communicated to me anything that I can remember concerning that which I most of all desired to know about my mother, yet scarcely dared to ask—What was her religious feeling? Had she a hope in our blessed Saviour? Did she love his word, and strive to keep his commands? Was it her constant and high endeavor to fashion her life after the noble pattern given in his? To follow the pure, the tender, the beautiful example set in the life of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us—"gave Himself that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works?" These questions I could ask, but found no one to answer them, even ever so faintly, and I had not a line of my mother's writing, nor aught that could bear one word of testimony as to her religious life or feeling. Thus the curtain which hid from my sight that knowledge I had so long and so earnestly craved, seemed closely drawn; nor did I dream until almost this very hour that a hand to me unknown, would be stretched out to push aside its dark folds, and show me my mother's character in letters of light! Ay, more, show me my mother sitting with Mary at the Saviour't feet! Truth is stranger than fiction. After 32 years the vail is lifted, and I have received such knowledge (of one always most dear to my thought, but whose character, to my mind was almost wholly ideal, and could not even be remembered because never known)—such knowledge as I never expected to receive this side of the grave—knowledge which has opened in my eyes a fountain of tears, which will flow but for a day; but in my heart, a fountain of joy which will flow on forever! I am suddenly made rich! and my heritage, locked in the treasure-house of my heart, cannot be wasted, nor can any thief break through and steal it away. The legacy I have received, suddenly and most unexpectedly, is *the knowledge that I had a Christian mother*, a legacy witnessed by her own hand and seal—by her own words preserved upon the written page! Her own religious thoughts and feelings, her pure faith, and earnest longing for a higher life, her hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and her strong purpose and desire to be, and to do, just that, and all that, her blessed Lord and Master required, are on record. You will be interested to know how this knowledge come to me, nor can I forbear to tell you at some length. A few weeks since, I received a magazine published in Boston, Mass., containing an article of "Reminiscences," by Mrs. Sarah L. Clark, a lady hitherto unknown to me, but who it seems was my mother's chosen companion during her girlhood-days in New England, and who was ever afterward (though they were far apart—one living in Illinois, and the other in Ohio) her faithful correspondent and confidential friend. In this article, which bears witness to a remarkable friendship which began forty years ago, and whose spell of tender confidence and truthfulness was never broken, Mrs. C. gives frequent extracts from my mother's letters—"the faded, yellow letters," some of them dating back as far as 1826, yet carefully kept, because in the language of her friend, they contained "the heart-history of one most dearly loved, and long since passed away." Among, or in, these extracts, which chiefly are concerning religious questions, I first found the knowledge of my mother's character, and the sure evidence of her Christian faith, and feeling, tenderly and confidingly expressed to one who shared her fullest confidence. Having with some difficulty obtained the address of this "Friend of my mother," with full heart I wrote to her a letter of thanks for her article. And to that letter I have lately received a most touching and beautiful response—a response in "words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—and with it, oh, wondrous legacy! MY MOTHER'S LETTERS! A packet of worn, faded, yellow letters—letters on which have fallen, perchance, first a mother's tears, then a friend's, and now a son's! Precious letters! Seated alone by my fireside, I carefully unbound the ties which held together the package, and tenderly, one by one, unfolded and read the messages which had come to me, almost as a "voice from the parted sky," or as a "sound from beyond the river." Every word and letter, every point, dot, and dash, every line drawn or flourish made in girlish fancy, is sacred!—sacred because the hand that wrote, has long since moldered into dust. In these letters, which go back to the time when my mother was but eleven years of age, and then extended forward a period of some twelve years, until near the time of her death, I find the life-record, and heart-history, first of a happy, eager school-girl, struggling with her tasks; next a school-teacher, looking forward with anxious interest toward the advancing dawn of womanhood, and the duties of active life. Again, touched with the wonderful power of love, she is "the betrothed," describing with uncensurable and honest pride to her confidential friend, the excellence of her "intended," and her dreams of future happiness and usefulness in life. Then, presently, she is the young wife, with household cares, and prudent plans; but soon thereafter, with swelling heart, she bids good-by—a long, and as time proved, a last farewell, to her dear native hills and peaceful vales, the scene of her girlish rambles and fond companionships, to which ever afterward her heart turned back with sorrowful longing—longing for the dear old home in Vermont, which was exchanged for a cabin in the prairie wilds of Illinois, fifteen miles from the nearest post-office, or church, which were in Chicago, a then insignificant country village, with log-houses for dwellings, stores, and hotels! In this rude home—a "log-cabin" with one room, I was born and my mother died. In all these letters, which are filled with gems of poetry, and yet contain many well-pondered thoughts, together with many rich flashes of sudden feeling and force, there is nothing to offend the most scrupulous taste. I can find none but the purest sentiments of morality, faith, friendship, charity, memory, and hope. One tender, and I doubt not heart-felt, confession of religious feeling, I select from many as a representative blossom to weave in this chaplet, made sacred to her memory. For in my mind, in these reminiscences I bring you not the cypress, but the laurel; not the emblem of death, but of life; not the reversed torch and broken column, but a basket of flowers fragrant with the odors of Paradise. In a letter bearing date May 26th, 1836, I find this language, which I carefully quote word for word: "As to myself, respecting my interest in these things (referring to religious views and experiences), I have settled the matter in this way: by the assistance of God I will try to break off from every known sin, to do justly by all my fellow-creatures, seek to be like our Saviour, to follow his blessed example, to live soberly and honestly in this present evil world, and to risk the event with God. I do not always live up to these rules: I am an erring, sinful creature, the Lord forgive me." The letter closes with these tender words: "Farewell, dearest! may you be kept from trials and temptations; may you ever enjoy the smiles of our blessed Saviour, and ever keep his divine commands, and oh! continue to pray for your unworthy sister, that she may find the truth, that she may walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

I know not whether my eyes are dimmed with tears of joy or grief, as I read these tender messages, which have come to me as from angel hands; but I know that in the providence of God a wonderful heritage has fallen to me—a legacy whose value cannot be measured by dollars and cents, or houses, ships, or lands. Nor can I find any standard by which to measure it, nor any words to adequately set forth my sense of its great and lasting value. I feel that, by the grace of God, I shall to my dying day be a happier man, and a better man, a more devoted Christian, and a more faithful and earnest "Christian minister," for this knowledge of my mother's Christian character, and the possession of the precious letters which bear unmistakable testimony to it. If in the mercy of God, I am ever again permitted to stand by my mother's grave, I shall look up to the face of the sky with no questioning glance; I shall *know*, of the meeting and the greeting which await me when my earthly pilgrimage is over. And standing by that hallowed spot I shall perchance repeat to myself these beautiful words, which I select from the closing sentences in the article of "Reminiscences," written by my mother's friend—these beautiful and touching words, which like a chime of bells—distant bells, calling from the sadness of earth to the joys of heaven—have been ringing in my ears since first I read them: "She still lives, the same sweet, gentle friend I loved so well, the beautiful and tender spirit that so early passed away from earth." I keep her letters—dear, touching mementos of her early struggles—but my heart turns joyfully to the less-distant future, and that home where we so soon shall meet, to join with all souls in the glad anthem of the redeemed, and to be separated never more.

Dear friends, if such is the worth to me of a knowledge of my mother's Christian character, received so late in life; and such the hallowed influence attending this knowledge, what fullness of blessing must attend that experience which has known, and that memory which recalls, the wealth and warmth of a pious mother's love, proved face to face, heart to heart, and soul to soul Do not think my zeal too great, nor my language too strong, my figures overdrawn, in thus magnifying the glory of the Christian character, and exalting the value of its enduring, sacred influences. There is no heritage of blessing so great, so dear as that which is bequeathed us in the "memory of the just." Often the consistent life of Christian parents fails to win their children to the ways of wisdom, when the influence of their death, of their blessed memory, reaching far down the track of years, succeeds—succeeds at last in melting, softening, and winning the hard heart and the proud spirit. Indeed, if the living power of a Christian life, and the hallowed influence of its subsequent memories cherished in the hearts of children who will hear no more on earth "the pleading voice that rose for them in prayer;" if this power and influence do not win them to a true following of Christ, no human instrumentality can. Above the main entrance to the house of the "Royal Humane Society" in London, England, there is this beautiful representation in bass relief: Before a bed of dying coals a child is kneeling and earnestly blowing upon them in hope to fan the wasting embers to a flame, while underneath is written this motto of encouragement: "*Latet Forsan Scintilla*"—"Perhaps there yet remains a spark." Oh, ye children of Christian nurture! ye sons and daughters of Christian parentage, now wandering from the way in which ye were taught, *if there yet remains a spark* in you, of filial love, of loyalty to the name you bear, and to your father's God, shall not the memory of your pious parents' faith kindle that spark to a living, spreading flame! And shall we not all of us, while the opportunity remains, set a higher price upon our soul-wealth of faith, and love, and upon our heart-treasures of purity and honor, and upon every prize and token of Christian attainment which the abundant grace of God bestows, that our children may not only inherit our qualities and traits, with our blood, but that they may ever have of us a blessed memory—the memory of the just!

Ministerial and Church Directory.

LOCATION.	NAME.	PASTOR.	SUPT. SAB. SCHOOL.
CALIFORNIA.	*Congregational.*		
Alameda	Without Charge	Rev. W. A. Tenney	
Anaheim		Rev. Josiah Bates	
Angels Camp	Congregational	Rev. R. Graves	
Antioch	First Congregational	Rev. A. H. Johnson, Acting	Deacon H. W. Brewer
Benicia	First Congregational	Rev. C. H. Pope	
Cache Creek	First Congregational		
Chico	First Congregational	Rev. J. M. Woodman, Acting	
Clayton	First Congregational	Rev. M. Barker, Acting	
Cloverdale	First Congregational	Rev. E. Janes, Acting	
Coloma	First Congregational		
Copperopelis	First Congregational		
Dixon	First Congregational		
Dutch Flat	First Congregational		
Eden Plain	First Congregational	Rev. A. H. Johnson	
El Dorado	First Congregational		
Eureka	First Congregational	Rev. J. T. Wills	
Folsom	First Congregational		
Grass Valley	First Congregational	Rev. T. G. Thurston, Acting	
Haywards	Eden Congregational	Rev. B. N. Seymour	
Hydesville	Congregational	Rev. L. W. Winslow, Acting	
Lincoln	First Congregational		
Lockeford	First Congregational	Rev. W. D. Bishop	
Lockeford	Evangelist	Rev. W. W. Brier	
Los Angeles	First Congregational	Rev. L. W. Atherton, Acting	
Mokelumne Hill	First Congregational	Rev. R. Graves	
Murphy's	First Congregational		
National City	First Congregational		
Nevada City, cor Church and Main sts.	First Congregational		
Nortonville	First Congregational	Rev. J. Price	
Oakland, Broadway bet 10th and 11th	First Congregational	Rev. George Mooar, D.D	Dr. R. E. Cole
Oakland, at the Point	Second Congregational	Rev D. B. Gray	Henry A. Palmer
Oakland, Broadway	Mission	Rev. J. Kimball, Acting	William Jordan
Oakland	Prof. University California	Rev. M. Kellogg	
Oakland	Editor of Pacific	Rev. S. V. Blakeslee	
Oakland	Without charge	Rev. J. E. Benton	
Oroville	First Congregational	Rev. G. P. Buchanan, Acting	
Petaluma, cor Fifth and B streets	First Congregational	Rev. C. J. Hutchins	
Pescadero	First Congregational	Rev. G. R. Ellis, Acting	
Poland	First Congregational	Rev. Mr. Bishop	
Redwood	First Congregational	H. E Jewett	
Rio Vista	Congregational	Rev. J. J. Powell	S. C. Brown
Rocklin	Congregational		
Sacramento, Sixth street, bet I and J	First Church of Christ	Rev. I. E. Dwirell, D.D	
San Andreas	First Congregational	Rev. R. Graves	
San Bernardino	First Congregational	Rev. J. Bates	
San Buenaventura	Congregational	Rev. W. C. Merritt	
San Francisco, cor Cal'a and Dupont	First Congregational	Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D	L. B. Benchley
San Francisco, Taylor near Geary	Second Congregational	Rev. E. G. Beckwith, Acting	E. D. Sawyer
San Francisco, cor Fifteenth & Mission	Third Congregational	Rev. W. C. Pond	William Johnston
San Francisco, bet Stockton & Powell	Green St. Congregational	Rev. E. Corwin	H. H. Lawrence
San Fran., nor. side Bryant bet 3d & 4th	South Park Congregatn'l		G. F. G. Morgan
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Woodbridge	First Congregational		
Woodland	First Congregational	Rev. S. Rosboro	
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Forest Grove	Prof. Pacific University	Rev. H. Lyman	
Forest Grove	Without charge	Rev. E. Walker, Acting	
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Alvarado	First Presbyterian		
Amador	First Presbyterian		
Arcata	First Presbyterian	Rev. J. S. Todd, Acting	
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Bloomfield	Big Valley Presbyterian	Rev. L. Thompson, Acting	
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Brooklyn	First Presbyterian	Rev. C. O. Hemstreet, Acting	
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Gilroy	First Presbyterian		
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Jackson	First Presbyterian		
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Napa		Rev. J. Wylie	
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Oakland	Teacher	Rev. D. McClure	
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Portland	First Presbyterian	Rev. E. R. Geary, Acting	
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Literary Notices.

JOHN-JACK MAGNET STORIES. By Lynde Palmer. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Norris & Co.

To most readers of this class of books, the name of Lynde Palmer will be a sufficient recommendation to this new volume. It is a story of a bright girl with a naughty tongue, who has a conscience, too, and the teaching of God's spirit. She is a girl to whom all the members of our families will feel related. For, as the child in our household said of it, "I like that book, because it isn't about such good folks you can't be like them." The book is interesting, carries its own moral with it, has no skipping places, and is hereby most cordially approved.

CAPTAIN JOHN; OR, LOSS IS SOMETIMES GAIN. Boston: H. Hoyt. Pp. 354.

A story of life in the quiet town, not of Natick, which is "old town," but of Newburyport, which is here called "Oldbury." Life also on the sea gives that salty flavor which allures the taste of boys. From Bancrofts'.

We receive from the publishers the January *Overland*. In this number the authors' names are subscribed to the articles. H. D. Jenkins reads Horace in Italy, and we overhear some observations which he makes while reading. Through W. E. McArthur's eyes we catch a glimpse of some Japanese interiors. Dr. Ver Mehr's little French sketch is well told and entertaining. Northern Mexico receives due delineation from a competent hand, A. J. Grayson. "A Tule Sketch" is pertaining to Californian experience and scenery. "Palm of the Sea," by Mr. Stoddard, is graceful in expression and rythm, and its vision lingers in the soul. The *Overland* is fortunate in getting hold of the reminiscences of world-wide travelers. "His Patagonian Wife" takes us far down in South America, and Mr. Powers gives us adventures in Arizona. N. S. Dodge, whose pen has been very busy in the world of periodicals, hebdomadal, as well as monthly, of late, contributes "Seasonable Words about Dickens." Mr. Harte's Christmas story is admirable. "Ursus" is throwing in some "Grizzly Papers," in which are not a few shrewd bits of sense. "Truthful James" deals a hard blow at those "sharps at the Bay."

In our critique on Mr. Hammond's "Sketches of Palestine," the following choice extract got set up as if it were the critic's own language, and we must reproduce it as Mr. Hammond's:

> "At the time appointed, Edward
> With his D.D. friend from Brooklyn,
> And their wives, intent were gazing
> On the touching scene presented."

Mr. W. E. Loomis receives a large pile of *Scribner's*, as if it were popular. It must be admitted that some papers have been allowed in this new magazine which seemed strangely out of place. But we have no doubt Mr. Holland will prove a good editor. Certainly the publishers are doing their part handsomely. This holiday number is profusely illustrated. The word the editor has to say about "women and wine" is strong. We are glad to see so thorough a remonstrance coming from literary circles. We do like Dr. Holland's good healthy sense in regard to matters of morals, and religion, and social life. We suspect it will be hard for him to find writers who will have the same.

New Issues.—Mr. Durfee's book, "Annals of Williams College," is at last out....Prof. Hopkins is getting ready a text-book on astronomy. The Williams men are turning over a new leaf in book-making. Prof. Perry's sixth edition of his "Political Economy" is issued, and the book has received emphatic indorsement from ex-Secretary McCulloch....Rev. Dr. Dexter, of the *Congregationalist*, sails for England next month, to be absent about a year, probably. It is understood that he goes abroad for the sake of pursuing, in England and Holland, his studies into early pilgrim history....Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, President of the Entomological Society, has ready for publication "An Answer to the Arguments of Hume, Lecky, and others, against Miracles."

Educational Notes.

University Matters.—The "marks" seem to indicate that the young ladies in the classes are doing just about as well as the young gentlemen. It is a sensible course which remands the mixed "fifth class" back into the "school" department, and requires tuition in most cases of those who would enter that class, especially from Oakland and San Francisco. It is much better to keep youth back in Jericho a while, until their Latin, Greek, and mathematics have grown a little. To be a member of the University, should mean something worthy. A "fifth class" is projected at Stockton. Why is not a High School in any such large town a fifth class, anyway? Thirty dollars a month is charged in the "school," preparatory to the University, for board, etc.

The Chinese Institute.—Mr. Gibson's enterprise is rewarded with success, so far at least as a completed building is a success, for the Chinese. It is pleasant to see so many of the Chinese taking interest and contributing money to this institution.

School Expenditures in the States.—The following is the school expenditure per head of the school population in the different States: Nevada $19 17, Massachusetts $16 45, California $11 44, Connecticut $10 29, Pennsylvania $7 86, Illinois $7 83, Iowa $7 21, New York $6 83, Vermont $6 47, Kansas $6 45, Ohio $6 48, Michigan $6 40, New Jersey $6 38, Rhode Island $6 20, Minnesota $5 71, Wisconsin $4 98, Maine $4 78, Maryland $4 50, New Hampshire $4 46, Arkansas $3 97, Louisiana $2 84, Delaware $2 70, Missouri $2 65, Nebraska $2 65, Indiana $2 37, Alabama $1 49, Tennessee 91, Florida 91, Kentucky $73, North Carolina $48.

ENDOWMENTS.—Within less than four months over $100,000 have been raised in cash and bonds, toward the new endowment of $200,000 for Furman University, South Carolina....The Episcopalians are building a female seminary to cost $50,000 in Topeka, Kansas. The foundation is now being laid on a twenty-acre "square," given by the city to the seminary some years since....A subscription of $10,000 is in progress from the pupils of Dr. Dwight, to place a bronze statue of him in the public niche of the new Theological Seminary building in New Haven....A. Pardee is about to donate another $100,000 to Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa.

An Old Academy Gone.—Phillip's Academy, Exeter, N. H., has been burned. We hope the Trustees will succeed in replacing it by as good a building as that erected a few years ago at Auburn, for the Academy of the same name.

The Odd Fellows College.—It is stated that the Committee on the location of the Odd Fellows Home have voted in favor of the Napa proposition, and that this action of the Committee is tantamount to the selection by the Convention of that site.

Dr. Briggs in Cincinnati.—A Cincinnati correspondent of the New York *Christian Advocate* alludes to a particularly happy device of Dr. M. C. Briggs, on a recent Sabbath morning, to win the early and hold the continued attention of the children in his congregation. Before he commenced his sermon to adults, he read a short text and preached a sermon of five minutes to the young people. It was admirably done, and interested old and young alike. The Doctor says this has been his custom for years, and has resulted in securing before him every Sabbath in the front seats of his church two or three hundred of his Sunday-school children.

Raising Money in Roman Catholic Churches.—Dr. Bellows says: "How do they do in the Catholic Church? I saw recently a little account from a Protestant brother, of the admirable way in which they raised money in the Catholic Church, so that out of poverty they roll up streams of gold that far exceed all that we get out of our wealth. How does the parish priest do? He chooses ten willing men out of his own church, and says: 'You must each of you, during the next week, procure subscriptions of one penny from each of you ten, in the first place; then each of you ten must go out and find ten other persons who will pledge themselves to do the same thing; and each of these ten must try to find some one of their number who shall be the head of another ten,' and so on; and so, in that way, out of these small contributions, a vast ingot of gold is rolled up, to carry on the great work of that denomination in this country."

Memorial Hall at Harvard.—This hall, recently commenced, is to contain three spacious apartments—the "Memorial Hall" proper, the "Dining Hall," and the "Academic Theater." The Memorial Hall, to be 30 feet by 112, will contain 30 mural tablets inscribed with the names of deceased soldiers, and the walls will also bear suitable legends. The Dining Hall, 60 by 164, will be hung with pictures, and is designed for use at Commencement dinners. Its style resembles that of the collegiate halls at Oxford and Cambridge, England. The Theater will be seven-sided, furnished with seats rising in a rapid incline, and devoted to the public literary exercises of the university. The general exterior architecture is to be Italian Gothic.

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"In the *Overland Monthly* for June we find a rich supply of literary food. The variety is something extraordinary."—Spare Hour, S. F.

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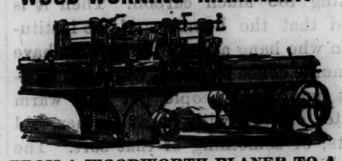
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THE PACIFIC.

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REV. GEORGE MOOAR, D.D. }
REV. S. V. BLAKESLEE, ...Associate Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO:

THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 5, 1871.

Communications intended for publication in THE PACIFIC should be addressed to "*Editors of The Pacific.*"

Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper, to John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, No. 409 Washington Street, opposite the Post Office.

WITH this number of THE PACIFIC, begins its twentieth volume. It is rapidly passing through the years of its adolescence. It will soon come of age. But we do not anticipate that it will ever grow old, though it live a thousand years.

THE PACIFIC is a venerable institution, if regard be had only to the American occupancy of these shores. Yet its nineteen years of existence amount to but a day in comparison with the life of the monarchs in our Redwood forests, or with the still longer life of some of the giants in the "Big-tree" groves.

Reckoned by events in human history, however, some of the fruit-trees which our hands have planted, are older than those mossy representatives of the era of the building of the pyramids. And by the same reckoning, THE PACIFIC is already an old paper; and older than any other paper, not among its contemporaries, ever was at the beginning of its twentieth year.

Shown in this way to be old, we shall assume that the THE PACIFIC is also wise, and can speak with authority, and say what it pleases. Its readers already know something of its freedom of utterance, and its other gifts, and graces. Having all the liberty it wants and some of the law, if at any time it shall seem wanting in sharpness, that failing will spring from sympathy with the dullness of the times, and the slowness of receipts. Give it metallic "sinews," and it will wield a trenchant and a shining blade.

The special supervision of the last eighteen months ceases; but there will still be vision in the office of THE PACIFIC, and eyes wonted to examinations and proofs will look in upon its affairs. The editorial arrangements, though not in all respects such as could be desired, are as good as they could be made without a very large outlay of money, which cannot now be commanded.

In general, there will be no change in the character of the paper. It is hoped that there may be some improvements from time to time. We are aided by the suggestions of many friends, though these are often in flat contradiction. We have no doubt that we shall succeed. We certainly promise well. Our readers will have none other than a promising paper.

THE Bay Association will meet January 10th, 1871, at the First Congregational church, in this city, at 9 o'clock A.M. The appointed exercises will be found noticed in THE PACIFIC of last week. Public service in the evening of that day, at 7½ o'clock.

J. A. BENTON, Scribe.

ACCORDING to recent complaints, our Almshouse is not an impartial institution. It is alleged that the cook strips off, before cooking, and skims off, after cooking, all the fat for his own use. Perhaps he thinks the inmates have time to get their fat by laughing, and that it's a blessing to hinder them from eating too much carbon. Then it is said that the bummers of the institution who hang around the kitchen have genuine coffee to drink, while the modest and quiet people get only warm water colored with burnt leather, old hats, or something of that sort. The favored ones also, it seems, get milk in their coffee, while the others get only chalk, if they even receive anything which pretends to be milk. As certain Supervisors are in the habit of going to the institution, Sundays, we hope they will make it a *sacred* duty to wait for the last runnings, and not hang around the kitchen.

A GOOD lady friend has been assuring us that the subscription list of THE PACIFIC can be easily doubled, and speedily. She says there can be no subscriber to this paper who is so limited in power, influence, and opportunity, that he cannot procure at least one new subscriber. And she thinks there is scarcely one of these subscribers who will not immediately, as a matter of duty, honor, and privilege, procure the new subscriber, if we will put the matter before him aright, and ask him to do so.

If every subscriber had her faith and zeal, it would be even so done. We might be wrong were we to raise a doubt; and we, therefore, place the suggestion before our readers, and earnestly request each one, this very month, to use the power which he really has, and obtain for us a new subscriber, as good and true as himself. Can not the noble friends of this paper, old and new, render us this needed service?

THE PACIFIC is a power in the land—let that power be doubled. It meets a great want—let it meet that want in a glad, handsome, and manifold way!

A FRIEND wishes to know what is the difference between the practice of wine-drinking to prevent drunkenness and the practice of innoculation to prevent the small-pox. Can any other friend inform us?

As an illustration of the extent of the mania for lotteries, we are told that a young lad, who wished to turn his wagon into money, issued tickets, at an old bottle for each one, and so disposed of the prize by a regular drawing of numbers. He thus became a veritable bottle-holder until he could dispose of his glass-wares to one who calls for "bottles, sacks, or rags." There was "genius" for you.

JUBILEE NOTES.—The ladies of Waterbury, Conn. exhibited tableaux for Forefathers day and its charities....Killingworth church has paid a debt of three or four thousand dollars....A memorial parsonage at Brokfield, Mo., costing $1,400, is furnished....Debt of $1,200 on the Calvinistic church at Fitchburg, Mass., is canceled....$3,000 was realized from memorial meetings at Cleveland, Ohio...A memorial offering at Winona, Minn., reaches $2,000.

CONGREGATIONAL ITEMS.—Susan G. Bliss, of Georgia, Vt., willed her property, $4,000, to Bible, Tract and Home Missionary Societies.....Four men in West Springfield, Mass., have given $20,000 for a new church....A Congregational society has been formed at Miller's Falls....Rev. G. D. A. Hebard, of Oscaloosa, Iowa, who visited our coast last season, died Dec. 14....Mr. Murray gave the right hand to Mr. Parsons at Boston, as the right man in the right place, even if he was "so orthodox as to bend backwards."....The new Highland church, Boston, will start with a membership of over one hundred, congregation of three hundred, and only a church worth $11,000; to be called Walnut avenue church.....Another new church in Mass., at Miller's Falls....Dr. B. P. Stone's (Concord, N. H.) bequests are Educational Society, $1,000; Widow's and Minister's Fund, $1,000; Colonization Society, $1,000; and residue after personal bequests, to Middlebury College....N. B. Bradford's will (Montville, Ct.) leaves $40,000 to American Board....A new church in New Haven, Dwight place Society, starts strong..New edifice of Park church, Brooklyn, dedicated, cost $22,000....Mr. Beecher's church has 1,982 members....At the sale of pews in the New Columbus-avenue church, Boston, about $20,000 was realized. The larger part of this sum was offset, however, by previous subscriptions, and the church start with with a mortgage on their property of about $40,000.....In arguing for a National Conference the *Congregationalist* makes this odd remark concerning our state: "Our churches reach from ocean to ocean, continuing in New England as they have been, maintaining an unbroken line in New York, growing into larger numbers in Ohio, numerically challenging New England in the Western states, and bringing up in California with a group of churches which is sundered from the body, not so much by distance, as by the fact that it now has a Theological Seminary of its own. Fellowship with those churches seems likely hereafter to be confined to the exchange of summer visitors, and reverend lecturers....In a radius of about twenty-five miles from Manchester, N. H., there are not less than ten Congregational churches without a pastar, and that are desirous to obtain, and able to support, one.

The [*Roman*] *Catholic World*, a New York Monthly, contains an article which *The Monitor*, of this city, will probably copy, complaining of the small amount of literature among the Roman Catholics, as evinced by the fewness and obscurity of their writers and authors, the small variety of their books, and the poor support furnished to their periodicals and newspapers.

It represents "six or seven millions" of Roman Catholics as in this gloomy condition, in our great country. We are glad to say that we do not believe there are six millions of Roman Catholics in the Union, and that, of the four or five millions there are, not a few read a good deal of our best literature, and are better supplied with it, than they could ever expect to be from any other than Protestant sources. We hope the Roman *Catholic World* will feel better than it does, when it shall have more wisely considered the question.

The New Year.

All hail, the New Year! It came in with the sacred hours of the Lord's day. The sun rose softly upon it in a clear, blue sky, which scarcely a cloud has flecked these three long weeks, which should be in the midst of the rainy season. And the whole day was as warm and genial as May, and the evening sky was full of the sheen of the "lesser light." The noisier sort of people must have been out of town, as the city seemed to us remarkably quiet. The churches were well attended, and nearly all of them will observe the "Week of Prayer." Monday was, of course, given up largely to the customary calls, parties and amusements, the banks, markets, and other public institutions being closed. It cannot be said that Monday was a still day, nor anything still better than that. But the hilarity was not unusual, and the intoxication was less than it has often been. We are happy to be informed that in many houses there was nothing furnished to intoxicate, where, in former years, wines, punches, and liquors were offered to guests. There is, therefore, at this hour of the week a sensible diminution of the average number of head-aches and heart-aches.

And so, too, the holidays are over. The festivities are ended. Few are sorry at their cessation. Nothing is so wearisome as pleasure long continued. It is very hard to keep up to the laughing point for ten successive days. It is almost a relief to cry, or make somebody do it, just a moment.

And now, to assist in the healthful reaction from mirth to sobriety, comes the customary Week of Prayer. We go to press in the midst of it, and will comment upon it in due season. There is hope that it may become the opening of a new era in the life of our churches, and of a new experience in the life of Christians, and of the new life itself in the hearts of sinners. Abundant showers from the spiritual heavens are even more needed than are plentiful rains from these lower skies, to water the ground.

It is our hope that all our readers have set out anew this week in some good direction. It is one-twentieth, if not one-tenth, of all the years which most of us shall have upon the earth. This one is likely to be an eventful one in the world, if not in our country. We may need all our manliness, all our courage, all our strength, all our faith. We may have to be sleepless, toil-worn, and self-sacrificing. In the hope that all will meet the events of each month with a Christian's fortitude, a Christian's spirit, a Christian's power, and a Christian's prayer, we assure our readers they can have, and we wish them, A Happy New Year!

Shoulder Your Own Burden.

One great difficulty that is encountered in all our communities, in the matter of sustaining religious institutions, is the fact that men of means do not give their share of support. They do not contribute in proportion to their ability. Take any list of pew-holders in any of our churches, or examine the names that are found on any subscription paper toward defraying church expenses, or paying church debts, and it will be found, with rare exceptions, that poor men have to do the work of their abler brethren. Men with an income of eight hundred or a thousand dollars, give as much for the purposes specified, as men enjoying an income double or quadruple these sums.

With this first issue of our paper for 1871, we wish to catch the ear of these delinquent brethren, for we believe that all our churches, nearly, are suffering a paralysis on account of this difficulty. We believe that in a large proportion of our congregations, means could be obtained to carry forward successfully religious enterprises if each would carry his own load, if the stronger brethren would do in proportion as do many of their impecunious brethren.

We appeal to them on the ground of manliness. Is it fair in this way to shirk responsibility? In every congregation there is a certain specified amount that is requisite for defraying current expenses, and for discharging church indebtedness. What can be a more equitable arrangement than for each to do in proportion to his ability? In some of the Eastern States this has been the rule in raising funds for religious purposes. The tax list has been the basis upon which the sum each had to pay was assessed. We do not advocate a resort to this method in any of our California churches. But would not a sense of manly honor lead to some such arrangement? Surely, no one that respects his own manhood will allow some poor brother to carry his load when the energies and means of that brother are taxed to their utmost reach in carrying his own. This class of delinquents are like some men in nearly all our communities, who are content to be supported by the toil of a poor woman, who is so unfortunate as to call them "husband." They are seen airing their persons on the street, gentlemen of leisure, while their wives are working day and night to obtain a support for the family. Such fellows, they are not men, deserve the bastinad. But what are the deserts of those well-to-do Christians who are willing to impose their burdens upon their weaker brethren?

The scriptural rule is, moreover, that each shall carry his own burdens. That unimportant requirement, as many may have regarded it, deserves a most serious and earnest enforcement. The complaint is made in all directions that the abler men in the church are generally delinquent in the support of religious work, while the poor people carry forward beneficent enterprises. That man disobeys a positive divine requirement, who refuses to do his own share.

Week-Day Lecture.

BY THE REV. A. L. STONE, D.D.

WEDNESDAY Eve., Dec. 28, 1870.

When the Apostle Paul expressed his exulting confidence, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he showed us incidentally what was his ideal of the Christian life. We can tell which way he is looking by the poise of the sentence. He is not looking within. He is not looking above. He is looking out upon a path of strenuous activity—of heroic and difficult duty. He puts emphasis upon that first verb of his utterance—"*I can* DO all things."

The Christian life as he conceives it is *a doing*. It is not *a repenting*. That is the gateway of the new life—separating him from the old and setting him out upon a fresh course. If you say, he will have occasion enough for continued repenting along his course, I say so, too. But that is not his proper business as a Christian. It is getting out of the road and tracing his way sorrowfully back. It is an interruption and a delay to his journey.

The Christian life is not *a believing*. That launches and fills its sails; but then it is to make its voyage. Faith will be in constant exercise, but its office is to bring down upon the heart all the grand inspirations of eternal and invisible things—God, and the hereafter and heaven and the "cloud of witnesses." But for what and to what is the man to be so inspired? To diligent and victorious Christian doing.

The Christian life is not *a keeping of sacraments*. These are tables of refreshment to which he comes in faint and weary to recruit his strength and vigor. Just as a laborer comes in from the field to sit down at the domestic board. Is it his proper work to eat his dinner? Or does he eat his dinner that he may be the stronger to do his work?

So the Christian life is not *a hoping* or *a singing*. Ask some men, how they thrive as Christians? "Oh," they answer, "our hope is bright, our hearts are full of peace and joy." Your hope is bright! Is your armor bright? Do you keep your tools bright? The implements with which you stir the soil, do you use them briskly enough to have them always shining, or are they rusty with disuse? Hope fastens upon the end—the goal—the crown—the reward. But what lies between you and the happy reckoning? If you can sing, very well; but don't stop to sing; let your song keep time to the chime of your unresting strokes.

Now, no man has such need of *a sense of power*, as a Christian man in his outlook upon the field of duty. Worldly men feel competent to their tasks. They have the knowledge, the skill, the ability requisite to what they undertake. If they are to plow, or ship a cargo, or garner a harvest, or build a house, they feel equal to it. Their work often drives them hard and lingers on their hands, but they can accomplish it.

The Christian looks out upon a world lying in wickedness—so much vice and sin and shame and wrong all about him—souls going astray on every path of wandering—a consolidated organism of evil under the monarchy of the great malign one—the church small and faint—Time hurrying with all its issues into the shadow of Eternity—and his work is to arrest all the tides of error and mischief. Oh, how weak he feels! How his knees tremble! How his hands hang down! How faint of heart he is! Whence shall he obtain strength?

Now, brethren, I want you to drink a deep draught of Paul's inspiration; to know the secret of his strength. He speaks not as an apostle, not as a teacher supernaturally endowed—but as your brother, as a fellow-disciple, as a fellow-sinner, weaker than the weakest, "less than the least."

You despond over your weakness of purpose, of courage, of endurance, of constancy before so great a task. But you need not. You despond under the shadow of trial. The cloud is very dark. The granite wall of your captivity is rough and solid, and there is no rift in it through which you can gain enlargement. But you can have help. You despond over your wrestle with sin. It holds you to such hard conflict. The fight goes against you so often. But there is an arm that can give you the victory. And when you essay Christian doing for others, you feel as though not one nerve of energy responded to your call. You are weak as water. Your feet totter when you would run—your hands are clumsy and awkward—your tongue is palsied—you have no effective desires, and no availing strength. Oh, but you may have an infiinite strength to supplant your weakness. Make a full catalogue of all your infirmities, and then glory in them as bringing down to your aid so much the more of Christ's fullness and force.

"But how shall I receive this blessed bestowment? I shrink from every variety of Christian work, because it seems to me I am so inadequate to undertake it." Inadequate? Of course you are. Of yourself you muster very feeble forces. But what of that? There's the reservoir of strength in the fountain-heart of Jesus.

"And how do I make it mine?" Why, you enter into partnership with Christ. He brings all he has to the partnership, and you bring all you have. If you wish him as partner with all his capital, you must put in all yours. It doesn't amount to much—it seems to you a balance on the wrong side; well, put it in—your weakness, your clumsiness, your trembling knees, your awkward hands, your tongue-palsy—make it all over, and then draw what you want for all doing, and the weakest of you is like a "son of Manoah."

You are looking forward upon the tasks of a new year, with a good deal of self-reproach clinging to you from the past. Take heart. Be of good courage. Join your weakness to Christ's almightiness, and you "can do all things."

Reminiscence of an Old Conflict.

In making allusion to the passing away of the old Brattle-street Church, in Boston, the intelligent correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* thus refers to the celebrated Convention Sermon of Prof. Park, and the theological discussion which grew out of it. The reference will raise old memories of many of us, and may stir the thoughts of others:

"It was in this church that Prof. Park delivered that brilliant, memorable discourse upon 'The Theology of the Intellect and the Feelings,' that at the time occasioned much excitement. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, collected his batteries and sallied forth to attack the Andoverian enemy. The novel but popular situation of Prof. Park must be successfully assailed, else perhaps his power would gain, until he became potent beyond the realm of New England. So brilliant and powerful were the methods of the Professor, that the Orthodox in New England could say but little, and the Unitarians clapped their hands with great glee. Dr. Hodge, as others said, perceived the advantage Dr. Park had gained, and upon what a high wave of popular favor he was sailing. So he started out to meet his antagonist, and soon found him. The battle, at this distance of time, is invested with peculiar interest. The heavy guns of Princeton did their best, and the Andover leader skillfully dodged the shot. As it soon became a hand-to-hand fight, the ponderous blows of Dr. Hodge were invariably dodged by the supple activity of Dr. Park. As now we read of that war of words, there is but little to deplore and much to laugh over. Old Brattle street never held a better audience of intellect and piety, and never received the words of an orator with profounder satisfaction. And the dull pages of Theological Reviews never gleamed with more brilliant matter than did the Princeton Repertory and Bibliotheca this time. We once saw in the private families of a single church, over a dozen copies of the former taken for a couple of years, because of the great interest in this controversy. Presbyterians and Congregationalists eagerly devoured the intelligence on their respective sides. Extra copies of the articles were distributed far and wide. As to the victory—*locality* and *denomination* decided it. The disciples of Princeton cried out: 'Never was victory more glorious.' The disciples of Andover cried out: 'Never was victory more glorious.'"

Religious Intelligence.

The West.

The week of prayer is being observed in Stockton by the union of all the churches. Monday night the meeting was largely attended, the audience nearly filling the Methodist Church. The interest came to such a pitch as to justify hopes that the week will be the beginning of a good and powerful work of grace.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook, of Stockton, preached last Sunday to large congregations; in the morning, a New Year's discourse; in the evening, a review of the past decade. The latter sermon is spoken of as an able and most instructive one and was listened to with solemn and unbroken attention. At the Communion in the morning two young men united with the Congregational Church on profession of their faith, and received baptism.

Rev. John N. Hubbard has been invited by the people in Waterloo, Linden, Farmington, and Wheatland to labor in their respective neighborhoods. He has decided to do so. He expects to make his home at present in Waterloo. Brother Hubbard has been on the field some three or four weeks, and is much encouraged with the prospects before him, and the welcome he has received from the people.

The *Churchman* gives an extended account of the interchange of calls between the Greek Church Bishop of Alaska, who recently arrived in this city, and "the Bishop of California." The former of these dignitaries is described as "an exceedingly agreeable man, about forty years of age." He has begun to preach in English, and is giving a series of lectures in exposition of the history, faith, customs, etc., of the Greek Church. He has seven priests in his diocese, four of whom are in Alaska, and three in this city. His congregations here number about thirty. The Russian Government will furnish about $30,000 to build his church. Services are held at present in his own residence.

We learn, from the same source, that Trinity Church, in this city, has extended a call to the Rev. Dr. Lyman to the vacant rectorship, and that he has signified the probability of his acceptance. We learn that he is expected in San Francisco some time during the first or second week in January, and will then determine as to his final action. Dr. Lyman is an old and intimate friend of the Bishop of the Diocese, and was for many years the rector of the largest church in Pittsburg, Penn., but for the last ten or fifteen years has resided in Europe, for the most of the time in Rome.

The Church of the Advent is believed to have the largest Sabbath-school in the State. At its Christmas Festival, the Secretary reported 435 scholars and 39 officers and teachers. Will the *Churchman* tell us why large Sunday-schools and efficient Christian work in all departments, are so generally associated with Low Church ideas?

At the two Presbyterian churches of this city—Calvary and St. John's—collections were taken on Christmas Sabbath, in aid of the Protestant Orphan Asylum. The very generous amount of $1,250 was thus gathered—$650 at Calvary church, and $600 at St. John's.

The *Occident* contains accounts of interesting Christmas festivals in connection with the Central, the Westminster, the Olivet, and the Howard-street Presbyterian churches. Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, of the Howard-street church, was surprised by a grand visit from his people on Thursday evening preceding Christmas. A purse of $250 was placed in his hands, and many other valuable gifts were left in his house.

A Pilgrim Memorial Concert was to have been given at the Congregational church in Santa Barbara on New Year's evening.

One of the most wisely chosen Christmas gifts of which we have heard this year, was that of the ladies of the Congregational church at Redwood City, to their pastor, Rev. H. E. Jewett. It

was the four volumes of Smith's Bible-Dictionary, issued in this country under the superintendence of Prof. Hackett, of Newton. We know of no addition to a pastor's library that could be made at a cost of $25, which would be of so great practical value.

The descendants of the Pilgrims are becoming refreshingly presumptuons on this, their Jubilee Year. Think of a Congregational church in Brooklyn undertaking to capture Dr. Scudder, and tear him away, both from Presbyterianism and from San Francisco, at one swoop!

A Congregational church was organized in Pacheco recently, by the Rev. M. Harker, of Clayton. It expects soon to be welcomed into the fellowship of the churches. The number of members is small, but each one is reckoned a host.

The Congregational church in Lockeford is reported as having unusually interesting meetings of prayer.

A neat church edifice belonging to the Methodists in Mokelumne Station, is inclosed, and will soon be ready for occupation. Six months ago there were but five or six houses at that point: now there is a small village, full of stir and business.

The Depository of the American Sunday-school Union has been removed to No. 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., where Sunday-school Superintendents and teachers will always find all the works on teaching, and conducting the Sunday-school work generally: a large supply of monthly concert and anniversary exercises, a great variety of reward cards, elegant English Bibles and gift books, in addition to a full assortment of Sunday-school library and singing books, and Sunday-school requisites. Subscriptions received for any kind of children's or teacher's Sunday-school papers. Everything at Eastern prices *in currency*, or equivalent in coin. Orders from the country attended to promptly. Any other books supplied when ordered, at trade prices. Catalogues of the Society's publications, sample copies of their papers, annual report of the missionary work of the Society, and any information regarding the Sunday-school work, furnished gratuitously on application to the Superintendent of Missions for the Pacific Coast, Wm. F. Peters, 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Christmas-trees in many of our churches blossomed out finely for the pastors. In Sacramento, Los Angeles, and San Mateo, many gifts were showered into the parsonages. We learn, also, that the wife of our Superintendent of Missions was remembered by friends in Chicago in the shape of one of Mason & Hamlin's best parlor organ—just in time for Christmas.

The East.

A series of meetings in the interest of the working people of Lynn, Mass., was opened at the First Church, on Dec. 13. The call, prepared by a committee of ministers of different denominations, proposed a wide range of subjects, viz: "Hours of Labor, Strikes, Crispinism, Committees of Conference between Employers and Employed, Overseers in Factory Rooms, Moral Dangers in Factories, Duties of the Churches toward the Laboring Population, Relations of Capital and Labor in Lynn, and Duties of Capital in regard to Labor."

Mrs. Joshua Bates, of London, who left $75,000 to build Wesleyan chapels, is an American lady.

Ralph Wells has resigned the superintendency of the Grace Mission, New York. It is hinted that the step may be the gain of the Sunday-school field at large.

If there was a place in St. Louis where the devil held full sway, such a place was Mozart Hall, on the corner of Fifth and Biddle streets. It was the place for theatricals and balls of the lowest sort, wild revelry, sparring exhibitions, and whisky drinking. But to one of our earnest Christian workers, Mr. E. S. Greenwood, this Hall was long the object of desire and prayer. Uniting effort with prayer, he at last obtained his desire, and one fine Sabbath last summer he took rightful possession of the building, and conducted into it a Sunday-school which had already been organized in that neighborhood. We were present on that occasion, and testify that there was a hard set of boys in that Hall; street Arabs, noisy and unruly, and well knowing how *not* to behave. Now there is as orderly and well-behaved a school as one finds almost anywhere; the scholars number about two hundred and fifty.—*Interior.*

News Summary.

City Items.

—When the hour of midnight arrived on Saturday night the ringing of bells and firing of bombs, guns and pistols announced the final departure of 1870 and the advent of 1871.

—The Protestant Orphan Asylum has made formal acknowledgment of the receipt of $650, collected on Christmas day in Calvary Church, on Geary street, of which the Rev. Mr. Hemphill is pastor; of $617 50, being half the receipts of the Kennavan-Maxwell walking match, paid over by Samuel Harding; of $100 from California Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F.; of $150 from Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of $145 from the American Protestant Association.

—There has been in this city for some time past an epidemic of diseases of a typhoid form. It is the opinion of many that the fevers originated in, or were aggravated by, the bad sewerage in the southern parts of the city; but against this opinion, which may be in a measure correct, is brought the fact that some of the worst cases occurred at the Industrial School, St. Mary's Hospital, and in the upper parts of the city, localities which, according to the theory above mentioned, ought to enjoy immunity from fevers of every description.

—The Old Folks' Concert, given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, attracted a fair audience to the Pavilion last Friday evening. The "old folks," to the number of 75, were attired in the costumes of a hundred years ago, the ladies wearing the traditional bright-colored dresses, lofty combs and heavy ear-rings, the gentlemen appearing in knee-breeches, swallow-tailed coats, etc.

—Some later specimens of the sugar beet, made by the Sugar Beet Factory at Alvarado, are of superior quality, and prove that the article is worthy the favor it promises to meet in our market.

—A. N. Drown, of the firm of Cowles & Drown, has been appointed—by W. C. Burnett, City Attorney—Assistant City and County Attorney for San Francisco, to succeed John J. Roche.

—Have you a cough, cold, pain in the chest, or Bronchitis? In fact, have you the premonitory symptoms of the "insatiate" archer, Consumption? Know that relief is at hand in *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.* *

State and Coast Items.

—Snowball, of Knight's Landing, has left at the office of the Yolo *Democrat* some oranges raised by himself. That paper says: Snowball has one tree twelve years old with a hundred fine oranges glistening on its branches, and another ten years old with quite a number; and we are informed that St. Louis, of the same place, has 1,000 oranges now ripening. The question is not what can, but what cannot be raised in this country.

—The water in the Lower San Joaquin river has not risen an inch, this winter.

—A. J. Latten has a fig-tree in his yard at Alvarado that is remarkable. It is just one year old from the seed, and has borne one large and well matured crop of figs, and now has the second crop on it about half grown. It measures six feet four inches in height, and is one and a half inches in circumference at the butt.

—The Oakland *Transcript*, of Dec. 26th, relates this singular occurrence: A farmer's wife, a few miles from here, cut open a turnip and found a gopher dead in its center. The little fellow had eaten its way into the turnip, which had taken new life and closed the hole, or else he laid in its way and it grew around him—one of the two—the farmer's wife says. At all events, that gopher won't go for any more turnips.

—Tule fires, extending over a space of two or three miles, are now burning in Yolo county, opposite Sacramento, lighting up the heavens and making a beautiful sight. The air for a short time on Sunday afternoon was filled with flying cinders from the tules.

—The "black tongue" disease has disappeared from Santa Clara valley.

—A mammoth sturgeon, weighing 360 pounds, was caught near Sacramento last week.

—Nevada county miners are complaining of a scarcity of water.

Marriages.

HORNE-KYLE—In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. Dr. Scott, at the residence of the bride's father, Walter James Horne to Emily Kyle.
HEFFELFINGER-FALVEY—In this city, Jan. 1, by Rev. Dr. Scott, William J. Heffelfinger, of Sonoma, to Hannah Falvey, of Alameda.
BABCOCK-SPOOR—In Marysville, Dec. 25, by Rev. Dr. McKaig, William S. Babcock to Frances J. Spoor.
ROBERTS-GRIFFITH—In Oakland, Dec. 29, by Rev. D. B. Gray, Wm. Roberts to Annie Griffith.
TERRY-ALLEN—In Oakland, Dec. 28, V. P. Terry to Mattie A. Allen.
KENNEDY-HAMILTON—In San José, Dec. 28, William W. Kennedy to Harriet E. Hamilton.
ARMSTRONG-BASSETT—In San José, Dec. 28, S. D. Armstrong to Eva R. Bassett.
BAXTER-RANDALL—In this city, Dec. 29, by Rev. Dr. Scudder, Lee Baxter to Mary F. Randall.

Deaths.

WALRATH—In this city, Dec. 26, Catharine, wife of R. C. Walrath, a native of Madison County, N. Y., aged 40 years and 23 days.
POWERS—At Gold Run, Placer County, Dec. 16, Loaitha, wife of George Powers, aged 32 years.
RUNKLE—At Gold Run, Dec. 23, R. Runkle, aged 40 years.
HAWLEY—Near Colfax, Dec. 18, Martha A., wife of O. F. Hawley, aged 29 years.
EVERETT—In this city, Dec. 30, Martin Van Buren Everett, a native of New York, aged 40 years.
COLE—In this city, Dec. 29, George W. Cole, a native of Massachusetts, aged 38 years.
NOURSE—In Oakland, Dec. 30, Cleora E., wife of Geo. A. Nourse, aged 38 years.

Special Notices.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is a trite and truthful maxim. In view of this truism, therefore, is it the part of wisdom to neglect the slightest symptoms of Rheumatism, when a few doses of Yerba Santa will relieve you at once, thereby saving an expensive doctor's bill and a vast amount of suffering? Redington, Hostetter & Co., Agents, 529 and 531 Market street, San Francisco.

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Home Circle.

Send the Little Ones Happy to Bed.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
When closes the troublesome day—
Let no harsh invective be said,
To ruffle their minds when they pray.
Sore trials and troubles full soon
The sweet sleep of childhood will ban;
Then let them joyously down,
And cherish bright dreams while they can.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
Tho' they may be mischievous and wild—
Nature seldom bestows a wise head
On a rosy-cheeked, light-hearted child.
Then let their glad spirits have play,
And brighter and stronger they'll grow,
Like a stream that runs free on its way
And suffers no check in its flow.

Send the little ones happy to bed—
You know not what ill may be near—
Ere the morning your pets may be dead—
Then vain the regret or the tear.
So let them lie down with delight,
And fail not to give and to take
A kiss when they prattle "good night,"
And a kiss in the morn when they wake.

The Willow, the Pine, and the Daisy.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

A willow that lived beside a flowing brook amused itself from day to day by singing mournful songs and chatting with its neighbor, the Pine, about the ills of life.

"I am sure I don't know what I live for," said the Willow, one sunshiny morning in June. "The days come and go, always the same; they find me drooping ever—ever."

"Well," said the Pine, in a sprightly tone, "things go badly sometimes, I will admit; but I won't allow myself to droop. I'll hold up my head, come what will. Methinks you are too easily discouraged. Though the winds roar, I am not dismayed. I look aloft always."

"It is well that some can look aloft," said the Willow. "Poor me! it is my nature to be down-hearted. I don't know how the world would get on if all were like me;" and then the Willow began to hum:

"Oh! who would live in this dismal world,
This dismal world—this dismal world?"

"But it is not a dismal world," said a little Daisy, that had risen betimes to greet the fair sunshine.

"Poor little thing!" said the Willow. "A few days at the most, and your life is ended. That would be a fine subject for a poem. I think I am in a rhyming mood."

"Then you are a poet," said the Daisy. "How happy you must be!"

"Ah!" said the Willow, in a quivering voice, "the poet is the most wretched of beings. You think I take pleasure in the verses I make. No! each line costs me untold pangs. I can assure you verse-making is very painful labor."

"I never could have thought it," said the Daisy. "Now I can't put two lines together; I can't find rhymes. But I compose prose stories now and then, and I find it delightful work. Only this morning I made up something pretty about one Dewdrop that called to see me."

"You seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of your small life," said the Willow; "but you would make up no delightful stories about Dewdrops if you knew their fate. They are swallowed up—swallowed up. And we are all doomed to be swallowed up too. Yes, you little golden-hearted Daisy, with your cheery face; and you, too, noble Pine, who now stand erect, undaunted. Dark days are coming—coming. Therefore, let us mourn—mourn."

"Not so," said the Pine; "let us rather enjoy the brightness while it lasts, and the memory of glorious days, perchance, will linger with us to sustain us when the darkness falls upon us."

"Yes," said the Daisy; "let us sip from the cup of joy, and be happy while we may."

"Ah!" sighed the Willow, "happiness is not for me. Thoughtless of to-morrow's woes I cannot be."

"Let us not borrow trouble," said the Daisy, "Who knows? To-morrow may have sunshine for us as well as to-day."

"Ah! but changes will come," groaned the Willow.

"So be it," said the Pine. "Is it not well to meet them with brave hearts?"

"And the next change may make us happier still," said the Daisy. "I was buried in the dark earth, but I did not despair, and now I see it was for my good. I stand here to-day, joyful."

"Yes, so you flatter yourself," said the Willow; "but there is no joy in life—at least, I have never known any;" and again the Willow sang:

"Oh! who would live in this dismal world,
This dismal world—this dismal world?"

Our Chat with the Little Folks.

Our old friend, Professor Tryall, has not shown himself at our table for some time. We are glad to see him here again. Come, Professor, can't you tell us something curious to-day?

"Where do your old boots go?" says the Professor.

Why, what's the matter? Are you crazy? What a strange question! Well, these professors are curious fellows. What have old boots to do with the "Chat?"

"What becomes of your old boots, I say?" says the Professor, looking very olemn.

Go along with your old boots! What do we care for them? They go with us until they are worn out, and then we throw them away, and that's the last of them.

"Perhaps so—may be not," says the Professor. "Hear me while I say my say on the interesting subject of

OLD BOOTS.

"Considerations upon the indistructibility of matter set me a wondering where many a basket of waste rubbish goes to. Often have folks wondered what became of all the pins; they cannot go to dust like cloth or silk, or even like the gold that is 'sweated' off sovereigns in our pockets, and which amounts to thirty thousand pounds a year. If you are anything of a philosopher, you must have many times said to yourself, as you have cast away a pair of boots, What will become of them?—what will be their ultimatum? You can know this. They will be taken to a mill and chopped up; the scraps will be steeped for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, and the leather will thus become hard and friable. Then it will be washed, dried, and pulverized; a quantity of glue or shellac, or other sticking material, will be mixed with the powder, and the plastic compound will be pressed into molds, and when you next buy a comb, or a button-stud, or an umbrella handle, or a knife-haft, you may get your old boots back again."

That's a funny story, Professor. We shall have more respect for old boots after this. Even scraps of leather, it seems, are useful.

"So are chips," says Uncle Nat. "I don't mean simply that they are good to burn—old leather is good for that; but I once read a curious story about

A WONDERFUL CHIP.

"Some years ago, a missionary, the Rev. John William, was building a chapel in Rarotonga, and found that he had forgotten to bring his square with him. His house being some distance, he took up a chip, and with a piece of chalk wrote upon it what he wanted, and, calling a chief who was on the spot, requested him to take it to Mrs. William, who would send back what he required.

"The chief, who did not know what writing was, said: 'Take this! She will scold me if I carry a chip to her! What must I say?' He was told that he had nothing to say—that the chip would say all that was wanted. With a look of utter astonishment, the chief held up the piece of wood, and exclaimed: 'How can this speak? Has it a mouth?'

"Upon arriving at the house, he gave the chip to the missionary's wife, who read it, and then threw it away, and went to the tool-chest and gave him the square. Upon receiving it, his wonder knew no bounds. He could not understand how the chip could speak; and leaping out of the house, with the square in one hand, and the chip in the other, and holding them as high as his arms could reach, he shouted: 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!'"

Writing was a great mystery to him. He knew more about worshiping idols than he did about letters.

"Talking about idols," said Mr. Short, "what do you think of the Hindoo boy's

CURIOUS IDOL?

"A story is told of a good lady who resided in India, who one morning met a little Hindoo going to school. She thus describes the interview: 'He could speak English, and I asked him: "Little boy, do you worship idols of wood and stone and other substances?" and he replied: "Yes, missy." And I said: "Little native, what are the names of the deities whom you chiefly adore?" and he answered: "Stickli-krish, Ricep-Udin, and Shoo-Garkan-Dy."' It is to be feared that many little boys, even in the land of Christian civilization, pay undue devotion to the same heathen idols, under their more euphonious English names of stick-liquorice, rice-pudding, and sugar-candy."

That's a tough story Mr. Short. You mean to hit some of these boys and girls hard.

"I can tell you a missionary story without any hard hit," says Captain Hunter:

A CURIOUS BEQUEST.

"The Rev. Thomas S. Savage, one of the first missionaries to Africa, says: 'The dogs of West Africa have so little hair that they are said to go naked like their heathen masters. They have no bark, but instead make a low, suppressed, disagreeable noise, somewhat like that of a deaf and dumb person trying to speak. On opening our new station at Fishtown, I took with me a fine Newfoundland dog, large and shaggy, having a roar rather than a bark, which made him a terror to all the people of the native town. This roar the natives called "dog's English."

"'One morning early, a prominent head man came to the mission-house, pulling along by the neck a poor African cur, and standing off some distance, cried out: "Deyo! Deyo!" (Doctor! Doctor!) "I bring my dog to learn English."

"'What,' said the astonished missionary; 'do you think I came here to teach your dogs English?'

"'No, no,' quickly replied the man; 'not you—you no fit to do dat;' then pointing to my dog, 'Him do dat. Him sabby (knows) English. Him talk him strong (bark aloud)—no tief come here steal now. 'Spose I leave my dog here, him soon sabby English too; den no tief come steal my place too.'

"To gratify the man in his simplicity, I told my dog Leo to open his school and do what he could for the benighted cur."

That will do for to-day.—*Methodist.*

How Bruno Spent Sunday.

Forty years ago, Oxford County, in Maine, was almost a wilderness, and both wolves and bears were often killed, prowling about the scattered farms. One, where a small flock of sheep was kept, had suffered specially; and when, one morning, two of the finest lambs were declared missing, the neighbors came together, bent upon a hunt which should put an end to every bear within twenty miles.

Within a week, three old bears had paid the penalty of their evil doings, and the party returned, loaded with bear meat in two forms, one taking the shape of a baby cub, not very much larger than a puppy, and too young to know much about biting.

Everybody wanted it, and, at last, lots were drawn, to decide who should be the owner. Jack Hammond, whose father's flock had suffered most, drew the slip which entitled him to the prize, and carried it home rather dubiously, not knowing but that the order would be to shoot it at once.

Instead of this, however, the old cat proved to be its only enemy, for nobody could resist Bruno's cunning ways; and he quickly claimed the warmest place by the fire, and all the goodies anybody would give. The dogs evidently considered him a new variety of puppy; and he grew up in perfect harmony, making common cause with them against the old cat, the only creature at which Bruno ever growled.

So a year or two went by. Bruno had grown into a medium-sized bear, shaggy as all his brethren, and, like them, with a wonderful sweet tooth, eating all the sugar he could get; climbing trees for apples and plums, stealing sweet corn and melons; but, for all his thieving ways, still holding his place in the general good will of all who knew him

One Sunday morning, the family drove off to church, as usual, leaving Bruno in the kitchen, but forgetting to close every door before leaving. Tired of napping, he, by and by, began a voyage of discovery. The cellar-door was unlocked and ajar. Here he had never been. He nevertheless remembered that pie and dough-nuts had come from that quarter, and at once backed down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs was a barrel of Guadaloupe molasses, brought to Portland by one of the sailor cousins.

Molasses was Bruno's delight, and he pawed the barrel over and over, licking about the tightly closed bung, and growling in disgust that no more was to be had. When he was on the point of leaving it in despair, he spied the spigot driven firmly in, and at once went to work at it with his strong teeth. Spigot and molasses came out together, and Bruno grunted with delight as he sucked the thick stream, stopping now and then for a long breath.

At last he was full. Even a bear's stomach could hold no more. And yet he did not feel quite satisfied. So he squatted on his haunches, watched the great pool on the floor, and growled to see such a supply when he could eat no longer. One thing could still be done, and, diving into it, he rolled over and over a hundred times, till his shaggy coat was covered from nose to tail with dirt, molasses, and gravel stones.

All at once came a new sensation. Bruno was sick at the stomach, and grew sicker. Now, thoughts of friends came, and, very miserable, he crawled up stairs for comfort from his master or mistress. He did not find them; so he went on to the next story, and, following one of his old customs, crept into bed, and pulled the snow-white sheets over him.

There he lay, the sickest bear ever seen, and not stirring when the sound of wheels was heard in the yard. The girls hurried in, not noticing the sticky tracks across the floor, but seeing them as they started up stairs. Surely some mischief had been going on. They ran up, and, in a minute, a series of screams showed the family below that something quite out of the common way was taking place. Thump. thump, down the stairs came Bruno, too hard beset to think of backing down, as was his custom, and into the kitchen he rolled, the sheets sticking to his back.

For a moment he looked about for sympathy, then, seeing the poker rising against him, fled through the open door to the hay-mow, the sheets trailing after him like a flag of truce.

Here he remained a week or more, till the family indignation had gone down a little; but through the remainder of his life no coaxing could make him touch molasses, though his love for other sweets continued the same.—*Helen C. Weeks, in Youths' Companion.*

SCRIPTURE DIET.—The papers are telling a story of a poor and simple-hearted African who came to Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, and told him, with a lugubrious face, that his dog had torn his copy of the New Testament, and swallowed some leaves of it, and that he was grieved about it, for the dog was very valuable.

"But," said the missionary, "why do you grieve so? You can get another Testament, and the leaves will not hurt the dog."

"A!" said the savage, "that's what I fear. He is a good hunter and a good watch-dog, and the New Testament is so full of gentleness and love that I am afraid he will never be of service again!"

THE amount contributed for the support and education of the children of the late Commander Williams, who went down with the ill-fated *Oneida*, foots up $9,778 13.

THE best consolers of human hearts may bear broken hearts in their own bosoms.

LADIES,

BUY

LATEST FASHIONS!

E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S

PATTERNS!

The Best and Most Reliable in the World.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING:

SPEAKING OF OUR ESTABLISHMENT, the New York "Independent" of May 5, says:

Some idea may be gained of the success of this experiment from the circulation of the "Metropolitan," which has GAINED during the past year nearly twenty thousand subscribers. This Magazine, which is issued monthly by the firm, contains the engravings of the various pattterns, with the most minute and complete descriptions by the writers. The magnitude of the business can, however, be better judged by the fact that over one hundred and eighty persons are employed directly in designing, perfecting, and cutting patterns, and that the establishment pays in rents over twelve thousand dollars a year.

Patterns are sent from this house to all parts of America and to various parts of Europe. Every lady who procures one, receives with it the most minute instructions regarding material, and the manner of putting the garment together Provided she follows these instructions, she can cut, make, and trim with the most perfect ease every garment she wears. The utility and economy of the process is so apparent, that it must at once be recognized by every lady in the country.

The "Democrat" of May 18, in an editorial, says:

And following the sewing machine, comes our fashions makers—Americans of genius, of taste, cultivated and refined. Foremost amongst all these is the firm of E. BUTTERICK & CO., whose great fashion-bazaar at 589 Broadway, New York City, is to people who dress well what the Bible is to a Christian. Here this firm employs hundreds of ladies of taste—ladies who make dress and the construction thereof a study; ladies who by intuition and experience know how to set off the human form to the best advantage. And here they study styles—make combinations of colors—experiment and illustrate, till from all their work come the fashions which are so universally adopted in this country.

Here they get up patterns for all sorts of dresses—for the kitchen or the ball-room, for the christening, the bridal, or the burial. They make little paper patterns of EVERY ARTICLE worn by women or children. These patterns, with cuts or pictures, show how the article is to be made up, how it will look, what material to make it of, what it will cost, and how long time will be required to make it. They tell how to fit any size, shape, or form, and to fit well, and what colors will blend with each complexion.

Last year this firm sold over four millions of patterns, and saved to the purchasers millions of dollars in dress and cost of time and money in manufacture. By them, any woman or girl who can read can learn how to make her own clothes. She can learn how to make them to advantage. No matter what article you want, this firm will send you a paper pattern, telling you how to make it.

The "Home Journal," always the best of authority in modes of taste (it is the acknowledged Court Journal of the United States, if we may use this term), in a recent number, says:

There is nothing that a civilized being would wish to wear, that is not to be found in paper in this establishment; and if any man or woman doubts the possibilities of creating an American method of dressing which shall make us independent of the foreign claimants, of all taste, pray beg them to visit the establishment of E. BUTTERICK & CO., 589 Broadway, and they will feel assured of American independence in the fashioning of our clothes, if in nothing else, and also, that a more artistic taste prevails on this than on the other side of the ocean.

We could quote an almost endless number of notices similar to the above, given us by the leading journals, but we deem these sufficient. We have a host of imitators TRYING to follow in our tracks, but the secret necessary for success—the system by which the perfection of our patterns is attained—we carefully guard from pillagers.

Fully confident that the above quotations will be sufficient to satisfy all that our work is REALLY useful, we ask you to carefully examine the Catalogue, and see if there is not something in it that you want.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

H. A. DEMING,

General Agent for the Pacific Coast,

OFFICE OF THE

Howe Sewing Machine,

No. 137 Kearny St.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

BELIEVING THAT EVERY MAN SHOULD BE held personally responsible for whatever he offers to the public as an antidote for any existing evil, and that no honest man can, for the sake of gain, offer as Remedy that which may prove an injury, we shall say no more than we believe to be strictly true, and easily proved in relation to the merits of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

We have known it for many years as a valuable remedy in all Pulmonary Complaints. It has been given to a great number of persons, old and young, male and female, and it can be truly said that rarely, if ever, was known a single instance in which it has not effected a speedy cure of the most violent cold or long-seated cough; and, in case of Asthma, Whooping-cough, sore Throat, or any affection of the throat or lungs, we have yet to hear of the first instance in which it has not afforded entire satisfaction. We do not pretend to say that

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is a remedy for "all the ills the flesh is heir to," but we do say, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it has been found to be a safe, pleasant, and sovereign remedy for the most violent cold, long-neglected cough, sore throat, asthma, whooping-cough, or any affection of the throat or lungs arising, as almost all such complaints do, from what is at first considered nothing but a "slight cold"—the final consequences of which need not be pointed out. Prominent, however, among the ills thus engendered, is that of consumption, for which it is said there is no remedy, and perhaps there is not. But if

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

Which we so strongly recommend, be a remedy for such complaints as we have enumerated, what effect will it have upon that scourge of the human race, CONSUMPTION? We answer, it will be to afford its victims immediate relief! It will check the ever-accompanying cough; this done, refreshing sleep is sure to follow, and, in its train, increase of strength, a brighter eye, a more cheerful countenance—and, why not a restoration to health? CURE YOUR COLD while it is yet what you consider but a slight one, and you will have less occasion to seek a remedy for any of the countless ills so sure to follow from it when too long neglected. Cure it in your children, instead of allowing them to retire to their beds night after night with a SLIGHT COLD, from which almost every family has had sad experience; they too often rise with headache, sore throat, or fever.

A kind Providence has placed at the disposal of His intelligent creatures, all the remedies requisite for the relief of such diseases as He permits to afflict mankind. Among the gravest in this category are those of the CHEST and LUNGS. A thorough and patient investigation into the character and treatment of these affections, has resulted in the selection and approval, by the more intelligent of the present day, of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

The use of which is synonymous with speedy relief and health. Consumptives, try it! For sale by all Druggists.

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

Should be resorted to on the slightest indication of a cough, cold, or asthma.

REDINGTON, HOSTETTER & CO.,

Agents, San Francisco.

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. OR GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

This is the most thorough blood purifier yet discovered, and *cures all humors* from the worst Scrofula to a common Eruption. Pimples and Blotches on the face, and scaly or rough skin, which are such annoying blemishes to many young persons, yield to the use of a few bottles of this wonderful medicine. From one to eight bottles cure *Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Ring Worms, Boils, Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula Sores, Ulcers and "Canker" in the Mouth and Stomach.* It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and plants, combining in harmony Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick. It is a great restorer of the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are languid, sleepless, have nervous apprehensions or fears, or any of the affections symptomatic of weakness, will find convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated and despondent, have frequent Headache, mouth taste badly in the morning, irregular appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or Biliousness. In many cases of Liver Complaint, only a part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierces Golden Medical discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of Habitual Constipation of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise. In Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, it has produced many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed.

Sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Prepared at the Chemical Laboratory of

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza,

Sore Throat, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Liver-Complaint, Bronchitis, Asthma, Bleeding of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

This well-known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS. SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston.

Sold by Redington, Hostetter & Co., San Francisco, and by dealers generally

PAIN KILLER PROP.'S PERRY DAVIS & SON PROVIDENCE, R. I. 1840 1870

FOR THIRTY YEARS

has that well-known, standard, and popular remedy,

Pain Killer,

manufactured by Perry Davis & Son, Providence, R. I., been before the public, and in that time has become known in all parts of the world, and been used by people of all nations.

It remains, to-day, that same good and efficient remedy. Its wonderful power in relieving the most severe pain has never been equalled, and it has earned its world-wide popularity by its intrinsic merit. No curative agent has had so wide-spread sale or given such universal satisfaction. The various ills for which the Pain Killer is an unfailing cure, are too well known to require recapitulation in this advertisement. As an external and internal medicine, the Pain Killer stands unrivaled. Directions accompany each bottle.

Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25 cts, 50 cts, and $1 per bottle.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO

REDINGTON'S

ESSENCE JAMAICA GINGER

Which is confidently recommended as the best preparation now before the public.

It is made exclusively from the choicest Jamaica Ginger Root, and on scientific principles containing none of those deleterious properties common to all the cheap preparations now before the public.

Its style is such as will commend it to the retailer, and to the consumer its qualities will recommend it as superior to all others.

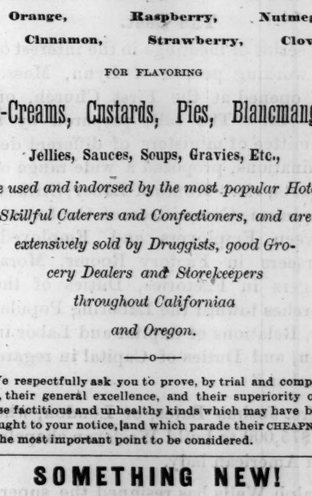
We pledge ourselves to preserve its high standard of purity and excellence, and guarantee it to be in all respects superior to all other similar preparations.

Quality and style considered is by far the cheapest preparation before the pub

For sale by all Grocers and Druggists, throughout the Pacific Coast.

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER.



An Infallible BLOOD PURIFIER, possessing rare TONIC and NERVINE properties—a certain cure for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, and all kindred Diseases.

It completely restores the system when impaired by disease, revives the action of the KIDNEYS and GENITAL ORGANS, radically cures SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, and all ERUPTIVE and CUTANEOUS Diseases, gives immediate and permanent relief in DYSPEPSIA, ERYSIPELAS, Tumors, Boils, Scald Head, Ulcers and Sores; eradicates from the system all traces of Mercurial Disease.

It is PURELY VEGETABLE, being made from an herb found indigenous in California. It is therefore peculiarly suitable for use by Females and Children, as a BLOOD PURIFIER and RENOVATOR.

For Sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON, HOSTETTER & CO.
AGENTS,
529 and 531 Market Street,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extracts

Are the perfectly pure and highly concentrated Extracts from FRESH FRUITS, prepared with great care.

Lemon, Vanilla, Rose,
Almond, Pineapple, Peach,
Orange, Raspberry, Nutmeg,
Cinnamon, Strawberry, Cloves,

FOR FLAVORING

Ice-Creams, Custards, Pies, Blancmange,

Jellies, Sauces, Soups, Gravies, Etc.,

Are used and indorsed by the most popular Hotels Skillful Caterers and Confectioners, and are extensively sold by Druggists, good Grocery Dealers and Storekeepers throughout California and Oregon.

We respectfully ask you to prove, by trial and comparison, their general excellence, and their superiority over those factitious and unhealthy kinds which may have been brought to your notice, and which parade their CHEAPNESS as the most important point to be considered.

SOMETHING NEW!

READ THE FOLLOWING

What the City Missionary of Boston

SAYS ABOUT

Allen's Lung Balsam

THERE CERTAINLY CANNOT BE FOUND

A Better Cough or Lung Remedy.

AS AN EXPECTORANT,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, Feb. 18, 1869.

MESSRS. P. DAVIS & SON—Gentlemen: The package of Allen's Lung Balsam you sent me to use among the afflicted poor in my city missionary work, has proved very acceptable and useful. It has gone into several families, and with remarkable effect in every instance.

One woman has been restored from what her physician pronounced consumption, after several months' sickness with cough, great pain in the lungs, and prostration, so that she is able now to do housework and assist in the support of her family, and with care and continued use of the Balsam, she expects entire restoration.

Another person, a young woman, to whom I gave one bottle, has received great benefit, so that her cough, which was of months' standing, is getting better, and she has purchased the second bottle, and has every indication of a speedy cure.

A young man who was raising blood, and was quite weak and sick, has, by the use of two bottles, been much improved, and is able to do a little at his work.

A young man to whom I recommended a trial of it, who has had a bad cough and much pain in his lungs for months past, and unable to get rest or sleep, has commenced taking it, and now using the fourth bottle with great benefit. He said to me on a recent visit, he would not do without it. He is hoping (and reasonably, it seems to me) to be able to resume his work again.

Very respectfully and gratefully yours,
CHARLES A. ROUNDY, City Missionary.

I. N. HARRIS & CO., Sole Proprietors, Cincinnati, Ohio.
☞ Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON, HOSTETTER & CO.,
Sole Agents,
529 and 531 Market Street, San Francisco.

Farm and Garden.

The Petrified Fern.

[FROM PUBLIC OPINION.]

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low:
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in, by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,
None came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in moist, soft clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

What I Know of Farming.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

I must have attended not less than fifty State or County Fairs for the exhibition (mainly) of Agricultural Machines and Products. From all these, I should have learned something, and presume I did; but I cannot now say what. Hence, I conclude that these Fairs are not what they might and should be. In other words, they should be improved. But how?

As the people compose much the largest and best part of these shows, the reform must begin with them. Two-thirds of them go to a Fair with no desire to learn therefrom—no belief that they can there be taught anything. Of course, not seeking, they do not find. If they could but realize that a Farmer's Fair might and should teach farmers somewhat that would serve them in their vocation, a great point would be gained. But they go in quest of entertainment, and find this mainly in horse-racing.

Of all human opportunities for instruction in humility and self-depreciation, the average public speaker's is the best. He hurries to a place where he has been told that his presence and utterance are earnestly and generally desired. Perhaps to find that his invitation came from an insignificant and odious handful, who had some private axe to grind so repugnant to the great majority that they refuse to countenance the procedure, no matter how great the temptation. Even where there is no such feud, many, having satiated their curiosity by a long stare at him, walk whistling off, without waiting or wishing to hear him. But the speaker at a Fair must compete with a thousand counter-attractions, the least of them far more popular and winning than he can hope to be. He is heard, so far as he is heard at all, in presence of and competition with all the bellowing bulls, braying jacks, and squealing stallions, in the country; if he holds, nevertheless, a quarter of the crowd, he does well; but let two jockeys start a buggy-race around the convenient track, and the last auditor shuts his ears and runs off to enjoy the spectacle. Decidedly, I insist that a Fair-ground is poorly adapted to the diffusion of Agricultural knowledge—that the people present acquire very little information there, even when they get all they want.

What is needed to render our annual Fairs useful and instructive far beyond precedent, I sum up as follows:

I. Each farmer in the county or township should hold himself bound to make some contribution thereto—if only a good hill of Corn, a peck of Potatoes, a bunch of Grapes, a Squash, a Melon, let him send that. If he can send all of these, so much the better. There is very rarely a thrifty farmer who could not add to the attractions and merits of a Fair if he would try. If he could send a coop of superior Fowls, a likely Calf, or a first-rate Cow, better yet; but nine-tenths of our farmers regard a Fair as something wherewith they have nothing to do, except as spectators. When it is half over, they lounge into it with hands in their pockets, stare about for an hour, and go home protesting that they could beat nearly everything they saw there. Then why did they not try? How can we have good Fairs, if those who might make the best display of products save themselves the trouble by not making any? The average meagreness of our Fairs, so generally and justly complained of, is not the fault of those who sent what they had, but of those who, having better, were too lazy to send anything. Until this is radically changed, and the blame fastened on those who might have contributed, but did not, our Fairs cannot help being generally meagre and poor.

II. It seems to me that there is great need of an interesting and faithful running commentary on the various articles exhibited. A competent person should be employed to give an hour's off-hand talk on the cattle and horses on hand, explaining the diverse merits and faults of the several breeds there exhibited, and of the representatives of those breeds there present. If any are peculiarly adapted to the locality, let that fact be duly set forth, with the simple object of enabling the farmers to breed more intelligently and profitably. Then let the implements and machinery on exhibition be likewise explained and discussed, and let their superiority in whatever respect to those they have superseded or are designed to supersede be clearly pointed out. So, if there be any new Grain, Vegetable, or Fruit, on the tables, let it be made the subject of capable and thoroughly impartial discussion, before such only as choose to listen, and without putting the mere sight-seers to grave inconvenience. A lecture-room should always be attached to a Fair-ground, yet so secluded as to shut out the noise inseparable from the crowded exhibition. Here meetings should be held each evening, for general discussion; every one being encouraged to state precisely the impressions made on him, and the improvements suggested to him, by what he had seen. Do let us try to reflect and consider more at these gatherings, even though at the cost of seeing less.

III. The well-supported Agricultural Society of a rich and populous county must be able, or should be able, to give two or three liberal premiums for general proficiency in farming. If $100 could be proffered to the owner or manager of the best tilled farm in the county, $50 to the owner of the best orchard, and $50 to the boy under 18 years of age who grew the best acre of Corn or Roots that year, I am confident that the impulse would thereby be given to agricultural progress. Our premiums are too numerous and too petty, because so few are willing to contribute with no expectation of personal benefits or distinction. If we had but a right spirit aroused, we might dispense with most of our petty premiums, or replace them by medals of no great cost, and devote the money thus saved to higher and nobler ends.

IV. Much of the speaking to Fairs seems to me insulting to the intelligence of the farmers present, who are grossly flattered and eulogized, when they often need to be admonished and incited to mend their ways. What use or sense can there be in a lawyer, doctor, broker, or editor, talking to a crowd of farmers as if they were the most favored of mortals and their life the noblest and happiest known to mankind? Whatever it might be, and may yet become, we all know that the average farmer's life is not what it is thus represented; for, if it were, thousands would be rushing into it where barely hundreds left it; whereas we all see that the fact is quite otherwise. No good can result from such insincere and extravagant praises of a calling which so few freely choose, and so many gladly shun. Grant that the farmer's ought to be the most enviable and envied vocation, we know that in fact it is not; and, agreeing that it should be, the business in hand is to make it so. There must be obstacles to surmount, mistakes to set right, impediments to overcome, before farming can be in all respects the idolized pursuit which poets are so ready to proclaim it and orators so delight to represent it. Let us struggle to make it all that fancy has ever painted it; but, so long as it is not, let us respect undeniable facts, and characterize it exactly as it is.

V. If our counties were thoroughly canvassed by township committees, and each tiller of the soil asked to pledge himself in writing to exhibit something at the next County Fair, we should soon witness a decided improvement. Many would be incited to attend who now stay away; while a very general complaint that there is nothing worth coming to see would be heard no more. As yet, a majority of farmers regard the Fair much as they do a circus or traveling menagerie, taking no interest in it except as it may afford them entertainment for the passing hour. We must change this essentially; and the first step is to induce, by concerted solicitation, at least half the farmers in the county to pledge themselves each to exhibit something at the next annual Fair.—*Horace Greeley.*

California Fruit Crop for 1870.

The *Bulletin* of a recent date gives a tabular statement of the California fruit crop for the past year, made up from statistics furnished by leading dealers in this city. As this is the first attempt to tabulate this business, the paper making the attempt acknowledges that the work has been very imperfectly done. For instance, the grape product of the State is set down at less than 6,000 tons, which amount would scarcely produce one-fifth of the estimated wine product of the State, to say nothing of the immense quantities of this fruit which is consumed in its natural state. The grape crop has undoubtedly reached at least five times the amount set down, or 30,000 tons.

Still, the details as given in this table are very interesting, and probably approximate quite near the truth with regard to the other fruits enumerated. Twenty-one varieties of fruit are named; and it appears that apples, apricots, cherries, grapes, peaches, pears, and plums are raised in nearly every county in the State. Our blackberries are chiefly from Alameda, Napa, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Solano, and Sonoma counties. Alameda and Santa Clara counties send us nearly all our currants. The best fig counties are Sacramento, San Joaquin, Sierra, and Yuba. The same counties also furnish us with the bulk of our nectarines. The counties producing the largest quantities of prunes are Alameda, Placer, Sacramento, Santa Clara, Sierra, and Yuba. Our supply of raspberries is chiefly due to Alameda and Los Angeles counties. Santa Clara is the banner county for strawberries, the yield there being nearly 75 per cent. of the total product. Most of the quinces raised come from Los Angeles, Santa Clara and Yuba counties. Nearly all the oranges, lemons, limes, and citron, produced in the State, are raised in Los Angeles county, while all the cantalopes and watermelons are furnished by Sacramento county. The gooseberry crop is light, scarcely reaching 100 tons, and Alameda probably raises more than any other county in the State

It is safe to say that nine-tenths of all that is raised, except grapes, seeks San Francisco for a market, and that at least one hundred tons of the quantity sent here decays or is otherwise wasted before it passes into the hands of consumers.

The aggregate value of the fruit raised in the State is set down in the table referred to at $2,371,612. Twice that amount would probably be much nearer the correct figure. The table, as given, however, is valuable if for nothing but to call attention to the great importance of the fruit interest of the State. The consumption of fruit on this coast is increasing every year, and in a much larger ratio than the population. This fact, in connection with the improved demand for our home-dried and preserved fruits, gives assurance that this great interest will be still more appreciated hereafter, and more fully and properly developed.

SOAP ADULTERATIONS.—Soap may be made to contain more or less water, and some other ingredients, according as the manufacturer desires more or less profit. Different kinds of hard soap vary in the amount of water contained, from 20 to 30 per cent. J. W. Willett's New York premium soap, lately analyzed in that city, was found to contain 30 per cent. of water and 20 per cent. of starch. The latter ingredient, whenever found in soap, is an unmitigated fraud, as it has no property whatever of cleansing, nor does it enter into any of the chemical combinations required in the manufacture of soap, as is the case with water to a certain extent—about 20 per cent. Starch is used because it will hold several times its own weight of water. Other ingredients are sometimes employed in adulterating soap.—*Scientific Press.*

A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.



The Furniture and Upholstery Warehouse

OF

GEO. O. WHITNEY & CO.,

No. 315, 317, 319, and 321 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

Manufacturers and Importers of every description of

Cabinet Furniture, Bedding, Upholstery Goods, &c., &c.

Business Directory.

ASSAYERS.

California Assay Office—(Successors to Geo. E. Rogers) No. 512 California St., one door west of Montgomery, San Francisco. H. H. Lawrence, Manager. J. A. Mars, Assayer. Analysis of Ores, Minerals, Waters, etc.

BOOK-BINDERS.

Bartling & Kimball—Book-Binders, Paper Rulers and Blank Book Manufacturers, 505 Clay St., southwest corner Sansome.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Loomis, W. E—Periodical and Stationery Depot, corner Sansome and Washington Streets. Subscriptions received. Agent for Koch's Patent Binders.

Roman, A. & Co—Wholesale and Retail Booksellers, Publishers of the Overland Monthly, etc., etc., 417 and 419 Montgomery Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Beers, H. M. & Co—Pioneer Shoe Factory. Manufacturers of and dealers in Ladies' and Misses' Boots and Shoes, No. 238 Kearny Street.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Holmes, H. T—Manufacturer of Santa Cruz Lime, importer of Cement, Plaster, Fire Brick, Hair, Nails, etc., corner of Market and First Streets.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Dodge & Sroufe—Commission Merchants and Wholesale Dealers in Provisions, No. 406 Front San Francisco.

CORDAGE.

Tubbs & Co—San Francisco Cordage Manufactory 613 Front Street, San Francisco.

CUTLERY.

Price, M—Cutler, 415 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

DRUGGISTS.

Adams, S. & Co—Pioneer Druggists. Wholesale Agency for Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies. A full assortment of Drugs and Medicines at 344 Bush St.

Gates, Justin & Bro—Successors to Gates & Keith, Druggists and Apothecaries, 219 Montgomery Street, Russ House Block.

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ENGRAVERS.

Truworthy, F. M—Engraver of Stencil Plates' Brands, etc., 321 Front Street, corner Commercial, San Francisco. Stencil Brushes, Ink and Cups.

FIREARMS.

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FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

Weston, C. W—General Commission Dealer in Fruit, Country Produce, etc., Pacific Fruit Market.

GOLD PENS.

Pearce, H. D—Manufacturer and importer of Gold Pens, Holders, and cases, 606 Montgomery Street.

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Occidental Insurance Co—Fire and Marine Insurance. Office, S.W. cor. Montgomery and California Sts. Chr. Christiansen, Pres't. B. Rothschild, Sec'y.

Pacific Insurance Co—Of San Francisco. Gold Assets, $1,700,000. Jonathan Hunt, President. A. J. Ralston, Secretary. 422 California Street.

People's Insurance Co—Fire and Marine. C. F. MacDermot, President. John H. Wise, Vice-Pres't. H. G. Horner, Secretary. No. 16 Merchants' Exchange.

United States Life Insurance Co., of New York. B. J. Dorsey, General Agent, 41 and 42 Merchants' Exchange, California Street.

IRON WORKS.

Hanscom & Co—Ætna Iron Works, southeast cor. First and Tehama Streets. Manufacturers of Iron Castings and Machinery of all kinds.

LAWYERS.

Cowles & Drown—Law Office, No. 621 Clay Street, south side, over Savings and Loan Society.

Gray & Haven—Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, San Francisco, Cal., in building of Pacific Insurance Company, N.E. corner Cal. & Liedesdorff Streets.

MACHINERY

Berry & Place—Agents for Eastern Machinery Builders, and importers Portable Engines, Wood-working Machinery, Blake's Patent Steam Pumps, Machinists' Tools, etc., 114 California St., San Francisco.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Hook, E. & G. G—Manufacturers of Church Organs, Boston, Mass. Edward T. Peirce, Agent 536 Market Street, San Francisco.

PATENT AGENTS.

Smith, C. W. M—United States and European Patent Office, 526 Montgomery Street. Patents obtained in all places where patent laws exist.

Dewey & Co—United States and Foreign Patent Agents, Publishers Scientific Press, and Wood Engravers, 414 Clay Street, below Sansome.

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Carr, M. D. & Co—Book and Job Printers, 532 Clay Street, opposite Leidesdorff Street.

Cosmopolitan Printing Company.—Mahon, Rapp, Thomas & Co, 505 Clay street, corner of Sansome, San Francisco.

Cubery & Co—Book, Job and Ornamental Printers, 536 Market Street, just below Montgomery Street, opposite Second.

Dondero, C. & Co—Printers, 520 and 522 Clay St. Printing done in English, French, Spanish and Italian.

Eastman, Frank—Book and Job Printer, (Franklin Printing Office) 509 Clay Street. Give him a call.

Spaulding & Barto—Mining and Scientific Press Book and Job Printing Office, No. 414 Clay Street, below Sansome, San Francisco. Music promptly printed.

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REAL ESTATE.

Carter, Chas. D—Real Estate Agent, office of the "San Francisco Real Estate Circular," 410 California street, two doors west of the Bank of California.

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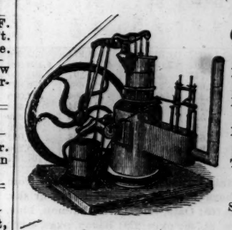
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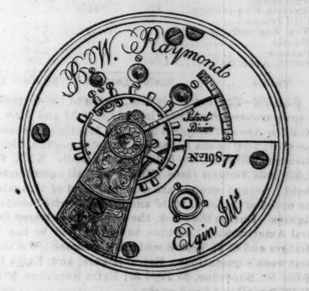
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From the Commercial Herald and Market Review.

Commercial Intelligence.

For a fortnight past we have been favored with clear, cold weather, and for eight or more successive nights ice has formed in our streets. This is somewhat remarkable for us, and the cry is now for more rain. Thus far the season has been propitious for plowing and seeding; more land than ever before has been placed under tillage. It is true that up to this date we have had less rain than usual, yet be it remembered that the little that has fallen was timely and all soaked into the ground. It fell upon cultivated lands, sown, fallow. The seed, consequently, sprouted, and at once took root, and is now well up and thrifty. Heretofore our agriculturists waited for the first rains before planting, but this year an entirely different policy is being pursued—deep plowing and dry seeding is becoming the rule rather than the exception. It is true that in some localities the soil is yet too dry to plow to advantage; yet the weight of testimony is conclusive that with an average rain-fall the present season, good crops will be insured, resulting mainly from more thorough culture than heretofore. It must be admitted that there is now a growing solicitude for more rain, and those yet holding considerable grain are holding back for higher prices. We see, however, nothing alarming in our present condition. Rarely with us does it happen that a cold snap passes without bringing copious rains, particularly in holiday time. So, then, if we have rain within a fortnight, all fears will be dispelled. In the meantime, we have several vessels on the berth for the United Kingdom, and these ships fill up slowly, because farmers and others are reticent about parting with their Wheat—not offering, but holding for extreme prices. During the fortnight past, several round parcels of Flour have been secured for export, the Fannie Hare, for Manila, having cleared with 2,835 bbls, in hf and qr sacks; the Oracle, for Hongkong, 22,000 qr sacks, the Queen of the Fleet, for Rio, has sailed with her cargo of 4,030 barrels. Other invoices have been purchased for shipment to various points, details of which have not yet transpired. Our millers, however, are doing but little, nor have they had their usual run of business since harvest. Last year, they lost, in a measure, the good reputation heretofore obtained for California Flour, owing to the large amount of inferior, rejected Wheat which they were forced to grind up, thus reducing the Standard of our Flour abroad. Happily this blot is being removed, for with good Wheat and improved mill machinery, we are now enabled to manufacture Flour of superior quality, which must commend itself wherever exported and used, either by bakers or families.

The market for Barley and Oats is without special change; holders firm. Corn and Hay are also held with considerable firmness. Beans and Potatoes, on the contrary, droop, owing to very liberal supplies, particularly of the former. Bran and Middlings are scarce and high, as is Ground Feed generally. Flaxseed is in fair supply, and rates as heretofore. Mustard-seed is out of season, and for want of stock, prices nominal. Hops continue neglected. Hides are scarce and wanted. Tallow is plentiful, and for this, low prices prevail. Wool is in short supply, the Fall Clip being exhausted.

Thus far the Dairy Product has been light, yet the season opens propitiously, and we look for abundant supplies of both Butter and Cheese, as the new year advances. Our markets for Fruits and Vegetables, including Poultry and Game, are plentifully supplied in great variety, selling at moderate prices.

The exports for the past week have been as follows: Floris, to Cork, carried 29,297 ctls Wheat, valued at $63,719. Sarah Neumann, for Queenstown, carried 24,902 ctls Wheat, valued at $55,560. Glendevon, for Queenstown, had 28,169 ctls Wheat, valued at $62,900. Adelaide Baker, for Liverpool, had 24,079 ctls Wheat, valued at $52,000. Wood Hall, for Liverpool, had 39 tons Lead Ore, 21,809 ctls Wheat, etc., valued at $53,045. Royal Arthur, for Liverpool, carried 10,102 lbs Ivory, 24 tons Copper and 151 tons Silver Ores, 300 cs Salmon, 34,986 ctls Wheat, valued at $120,391. Bebington, for Liverpool, carried 26 tons Cotton Seed, 138 logs Lignum Vitæ, 468 tons Lead Ore, 15,998 ctls Wheat, valued at $77,947. Oracle, for Hongkong, carried 5,170 bbls Flour, 200 hf cs Salmon, 156 sks Beans, 25,000 feet Lumber, etc., valued at $50,232. Fannie Hare, for Manila, had 2,835 bbls Flour, valued at $14,175. Zephyr, for Acajutla, had 1,400 bbls Flour, etc., valued at $10,222.

The following is a statement of the Receipts of Domestic Produce in this market for the week ending Dec. 29th, and the total for the past three years, from July 1st to the corresponding date each year.

ARTICLES OF PRODUCE.	Dec. 22d, to Dec. 29th, '70.	July 1st, 1870, to Dec. 29th, '70.	July 1st, 1869, to Dec. 29th, '69.	July 1st, 1868, to Dec. 29th, '68.
Flour, qr sks	14,227	315,720	461,974	623,996
Wheat, sks	69,204	3,685,557	4,702,460	4,490,320
Barley, sks	7,742	452,710	519,207	402,290
Oats, sks	1,634	217,226	224,689	179,832
Potatoes, sks	38,203	413,109	388,264	372,335
Corn, sks	1,279	22,127	17,734	19,459
Rye, sks	520	6,241	2,415	3,420
Buckwheat, sks	12	1,910	4,475	480
Beans, sks	1,616	47,584	55,483	28,043
Bran, sks	1,044	41,024	29,781	48,240
Hay, bales	5,168	202,674	146,846	167,507

The receipts of certain articles of Oregon produce from January 1st to date, have been as follows: Flour, qr sks, 563,831; Wheat, sks, 45,060; Oats, sks, 15,413; Salmon, bbls, 4,875; hf bbls, 4,875; cs, 29,746; pkgs, 229; Bacon, pkgs, 4,498; Beef, bbls, 262; Butter, pkgs, 1,973; Hams, pkgs, 845; Lard, pkgs, 1,646; Pork, bbls, 2,558; Dried Apples, pkgs, 3,931.

The exports of Breadstuffs from this port from July 1st, 1870, to date, as compared with the same time in 1869, have been as follows:

	1870		1869	
To	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, ctls.	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, ctls.
New York, etc	376	28,622	1,063	10,803
Great Britain	2,000	2,915,478	21,197	3,446,551
China	51,922	930	80,857	16,005
Japan	4,861	29	5,482	.....
Mexico	2,884	.....	1,445	40
Panama	3,025	.....	3,445	.....
Hawaiian Islands	5,795	672	3,962	289
Tahiti	2,247	207	2,603	74
British Columbia	580	68	190	125
Central America	16,130	601	13,464	219
Australia	.....	.....	28,160	6,636
Russian Possessions	375	44	.....	.....
Fijii Islands	75	.....	.....	.....
New Zealand	.....	.....	7,890	21,184
Manila	2,835	.....	3,900	.....
Batavia	.....	.....	2,000	.....
South America	4,065	.....	13,200	.....
Totals	96,870	2,946,651	201,098	3,501,926

FLOUR—The market is firm, owing to light stocks. Recent purchases for export include 3,070 hf and 5,200 qr sks Golden Age and National Mills' for Manila, ex Fannie Hare, private: 2,000 qr sks El Dorado Mills' Superfine, 2,000 qr sks Genesee Mills' do, 500 bbls Genesee Mills' XXX Family, 2,500 bbls Golden Gate Mills' Extra, all upon terms withheld. Oregon receipts are moderate, and of this sales may be noted of Imperial Mills' and other favorite brands at full figures. During the week, the Zephyr has cleared for Central America with 1,400 bbls, to be followed by the Milton Badger and C. L. Taylor with like cargoes. We continue last week's quotations: Extra Bakers' and Extra Family, $6@6 50; Superfine, $5 25@5 50; Extra Superfine, $5 50@5 75 ₱ 196 lbs, all in hf and qr sks.

WHEAT—The export demand exceeds the supply. Purchases, so far as reported, here and in the interior, approximate 75,000 ctls, chiefly within the range of $2@2 20, the bulk of it for export, and mainly at $2 15@2 20 ₱ ctl. The supply of inferior and low grades is about exhausted; the market at the close strong, within our range.

BARLEY—Holders seem to be indifferent sellers at present, exacting extreme figures; purchases during the week falling short of 5,000 bags. Market firm at $1 27½@1 35 ₱ ctl, as extremes.

OATS—The demand is light and offerings meagre. Sales in lots approximate 2,000 bags, within the range of $1 30@1 55 ₱ ctl; extra choice held at $1 60.

CORN—The supply and demand is at best but meagre, with small transactions in White and Yellow at $1 50@1 62½ ₱ ctl.

HIDES—The supply is not equal to the demand. Sales for the week, 1,500, at 16@18½c for Dry, the latter rate for Slaughterers' stock; Salted, 7@7½c.

WOOL—The fall clip is quite exhausted, and for the want of stock, prices are nominal, say 18@18½c for good to choice. Fleece-Burry and inferior, 12½@15c ₱ lb.

BRAN—The supply falls considerably short of the demand. Price, $30 ₱ ton.

MIDDLINGS—The demand largely exceeds the supply. Price, $35@38 ₱ ton.

HAY—There is a good local demand, with small cargo sales at $10@15 ₱ ton. The bulk of sales at $12 50@13 50.

BEANS—The stock is large and holders much troubled to know how to dispose of it, the demand being exceedingly small. Prices both low and nominal, say 1¾@2¼c ₱ lb, for the various kinds.

POTATOES—The arrivals from Humboldt have been heavy during the month; supplies have, therefore, accumulated, and prices, in consequence, have declined, and the market more or less demoralized. We quote the price at $1 50@1 55; other sorts, $1 25@1 37½ ₱ 100 lbs.

ONIONS—Are plentiful, the supplies in excess of the demand. Small sales at $1@1 50 ₱ ctl, according to quality.

RYE—The offerings are light, but the demand is trifling, at $2@2 25 ₱ ctl.

FLAXSEED—The product of the Pacific slope is now about equal to the wants of the Oil Mill; price, 3¼c ₱ lb.

HONEY—Is in fair demand, with but a light supply. We quote strained 12½@15c ₱ lb. The same, in 2-lb tins, at $4 ₱ dozen.

OIL CAKE MEAL—The mill price is continued at $28 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—The supply is moderate. Yellow selling at 27½@30c ₱ lb.

BUCKWHEAT—With a lessened inquiry, prices have shaded off—now 2½@3c.

CATTLE—The holiday supply of Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc., was magnificent. Parties from Eastern cities who passed through our markets, say they never saw the equal anywhere. Prices were by no means excessive, as the following quotations will show: We quote slaughterers' prices as follows: Beef, per quarter, 8@12½c; Sheep, 9@10c; Lambs, 10@12c; Calves, 8@10c ₱ lb. Pork on foot is in fair supply, selling at 5½@6¼c ₱ lb; do, dressed, 8@8½c.

POULTRY—The market during the holiday season, and in fact for some weeks previous, has been overstocked with Hens and Roosters, selling at low prices. Turkeys, on the contrary, have sold readily, notwithstanding the large supply. Game is abundant, and prices very low. We quote Spring Chickens, $4@5; Hens and Roosters, $6@7; Ducks, tame, $7@7 50 ₱ doz; do, wild, $1@1 50; Geese, tame, $2@2 50 ₱ pair; do wild, $1@2 ₱ doz; Turkeys, 18@20c ₱ lb; Hare, $1 50@2 ₱ doz: Doves, 50c do; Quail, $1 37½@1 50; Snipe, 75c do; do, English, $1 50 do; Venison, 8c ₱ lb.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—California Butter is in active request. Fresh, in rolls, now brings 47½@55c; ordinary, 35@40c; kegs, 35@40. Oregon Butter is quotable at 15@25c—very little good comes to this market. Cheese is in fair supply; California new, 12½@15c. Eggs are dull: California fresh selling at 42½@45c ₱ doz. California Lard, 5 and 10-lb tins, 12@13c; Oregon, dull at 12@13c, according to package.

FRUITS—Until within three days past we have had an uninterrupted supply of Strawberries since the 17th of March. We are now receiving Oranges from Los Angeles in quantities, and they are large and of superior quality—particularly those from the Lake Vineyard Orchards. Lemons overland are plentiful and cheap. Apples from Oregon, as well as from our own orchards, are abundant and cheap. Grapes have about run out for the season; a few, however, yet grace the market stands. Imported fruits are unusually abundant and of superior quality, thus interfering more or less with our own dried fruits. A. Lusk & Co., of the Pacific Fruit Market, furnish us with the following prices:. Apples, per box—choice, $1 50@2; common, $1@1 25. Figs, 6@10c ₱ lb. Grapes—Tokay, 20@25c; Muscat, 12½@15c ₱ lb; California, $4@5 ₱ box. Pears—Winter Nelis, $3@3 50; Glou Morceau, $1 75; Easter Bourre, $1 50; common, $1 ₱ box. Oranges—Los Angeles, $50@60; Tahiti, $50 ₱ M. Lemons, $4 ₱ 100. Limes, $10 ₱ M. Cocoanuts, $8@10 ₱ 100. Pine-apples, $7@9 ₱ doz. Dried Peaches, 20c ₱ lb for peeled; common, 10@12c. Dried Plums, pitted, 15@20c; common, 6@10c. Dried Apples, 6@7c for choice; common, 5c. Dried Pears, 10@12½c.

STOCK REVIEW.

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

The transactions in this class of securities have been light for some time past.——Sales of Spring Valley Water Company stock were made at $67 50 per share.——The stockholders of the San Francisco Savings Union elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, James de Fremery; Vice President, Washington Bartlett; Directors, James de Fremery, Washington Bartlett, C. Adolphe Low, George C. Potter, Charles Pace, Charles Baum, John Archbald, R. B. Swain, and Alexander Campbell, sen. Cashier and Secretary, Lovell White.

MINING SHARE MARKET.

GOULD & CURRY—has been moderately active at a recession in price. The annual meeting of stockholders took place on Monday, the 26th inst., and from the statements rendered we take the following:

RECEIPTS.

Reduction of ores at custom mill—23,499 tons	$661,013
Premium, ore slimes sold, etc	8,568
Assessments, Nos. 7 and 8	132,000
Railroad freights returned	5,068
Materials sold, etc	12,443
Total	$819,092

DISBURSEMENTS.

Indebtedness, Nov. 30, 1869	$29,934
Dividends	48,000
Reducing 25,194 tons of ore	302,063
Labor at mine	229,399
Timber, lumber, and wood	93,153
Iron, hardware, charcoal, candles, etc	46,823
Taxes, exchange, and interest	11,775
General expenses	22,211
Sundry accounts	8,882
Cash on hand, Nov. 30, 1870	26,852
Total	$819,092

The assets are given at $203,614, and liabilities only $2,629. The ore taken from the mine for the fiscal year amounted to 24,305 tons, averaging $28 16 per ton. The President's report has the following statement:

	Ore, tons.	Yield.	Mining.	Milling
1870	24,305	$28 16	$6 82	$12 85
1869	15,879	26 30	7 29	13 08
1868	12,153	18 14	3 73	12 62

CHOLLAR-POTOSI—did not sell as freely as during the previous week, though it continues to sell at a good figure. They took out 1,752 tons of ore during the week ending Dec. 24th, showing an assay value of $68 65 per ton.

HALE & NORCROSS—is well maintained under small sales. The north drift, 8th level, is now 142 feet north of the shaft. The east cross-cuts still continue in the vein, and they have not yet reached the east clay wall. All the openings thus far made on this level are in excellent ore. The winze now being sunk on the 7th level on the northern boundary line, is now 30 feet below that level. This winze is in excellent ore, the width of which is not yet known. The average assays of the past five days have been $75 per ton.

SAVAGE—was in the market to a large extent at an advance. Extracted 839 tons during the week closing Dec. 24th, valued at $42 40 per ton.——OVERMAN took out 572 tons during the same time, showing an average assay value of $19 01 per ton.——The yield of MEADOW VALLEY to the 25th inst. for December foots up $87,200.——GOLDEN RULE (Cal.) declared a dividend of 50 cents per share.——OPHIR levied assessments during the year 1870 amounting to $255,000. No favorable results from explorations.——EMPIRE MILL expended $23,782 during their fiscal year, and from assessments they collected $29,810.

The aggregate sales in the San Francisco Stock Board from December 22d to the 28th, inclusive, were as follows:

65 shares Amador at $280.
20 shares Alpha at $5.
1665 shares Belcher at $6 25@7.
2305 shares Chollar-Potosi at $73 50@68@71 75.
4921 shares Crown Point at $15@17 50.
2960 shares Eureka Consolidated at $16 50@15 50.
1336 shares Gould & Curry at $68@48.
2020 shares Golden Chariot at $87@76.
504 shares Hale & Norcross at $102 50@109@106.
507 shares Imperial at $11@22 50.
430 shares Ida Elimors at $14 25@13 75.
206 shares Kentuck at $32@33.
3195 shares Meadow Valley at $25@28.
5030 shares Orig'l Hidden Treasure at $6 50@6.
1655 shares Ophir at $2 75@4 25.
310 shares Overman at $46@3 50.
9681 shares Savage at $46@54 50@51.
265 shares Sierra Nevada at $18 50@19.
410 shares Segregated Belcher at $3@3 87½.
5702 shares Yellow Jacket at $39 75@48 50@47.
390 shares Daney at $6 75@6.
20 shares Consolidated Virginia at $3@3 50.
700 shares Mammoth at 30c.
25 shares Eureka at $575@580.
265 shares Noonday at 35@37½c.
10 shares Spring Valley Water Co. at $67 50.
Amount of sales $1,416,840.

RAPID GROWTH OF TIMBER.—The statement made by our Lane County correspondent, relative to land in Oregon, which twenty years ago was prairie, but which now is covered with a young and vigorous growth of timber, is one which would be apt to strike a stranger with surprise. Yet such is the fact. We have no doubt that since the settlement in the Willamette Valley by white people, the area of timber land, instead of decreasing, has actually been increasing. For one acre denuded of its forest by the settlers in our timber land, two acres of prairie have doubly been covered with a thick and thrifty growth of young timber. It is, indeed, astonishing to witness the steady encroachments made upon our prairies by the ever-advancing forests. We have noticed the same fact in the Tualitan Plains, which is spoken of by our correspondent. Land which twenty years ago was prairie, is now covered with a heavy growth of young timber.—*Oregon Herald.*

PORT CHARGES.

Although we have rung the changes pretty thoroughly on the subject of port charges, it is by no means exhausted. The fact that certain seeming concessions were made to tonnage implies a consciousness on the part of the Harbor Commissioners that such reduction was urgently needed, and that public opinion could no longer be stifled by specious pretexts. It must be admitted that the skill and dexterity shown in jumping the charges from tonnage to drayage, so as to secure even a greater amount of revenue than under the old schedule, should entitle the Commissioners to the diploma of "artful dodgers." Formerly, a drayman could haul a load of goods on or off the wharves for twenty-five cents, provided he used one horse; now, he must pay sixty-two and a half cents if he takes five tons, or any fraction of a ton over four, and if he divides five tons into two loads of two and a half tons each, his charge is seventy-five cents, or fifty cents more than under the former schedule; and drawing ten loads per day subjects him to an extra tax of five dollars. Let us suppose a ship discharging one thousand tons of merchandise, which is equal to two hundred loads of five tons each; then, according to the old tariff, he could remove the two hundred loads for fifty dollars; but under the last-framed schedule he will have to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars; or, in other words, his charges have been increased one hundred and fifty per cent. If this is reduction, we sadly need a new lexicographer, to tell us what the English language means. But this is not the only case in which the Commissioners have displayed financial ingenuity of the first water. With commendable policy, dictated by a sincere desire for the public good, and the laudable wish of seeing the commerce of this port thrive and flourish, they conceded a reduction of sixteen to twenty per cent. on vessels discharging at our wharves, and then dexterously raised the charges on vessels ballasting or loading to the moderate extent of one hundred per cent. Now, as ships which discharge at our wharves would also be likely to load or ballast there, we cannot see where the reduction comes in. These deductions are arrived at by simple arithmetical process, plainly announcing the fact that the Commissioners have been juggling the public, have merely been throwing a barrel to the great whale. In one instance, drayage has been saddled with two and a half times its former burden, and in the other, dockage, to all vessels loading or ballasting, has been raised eighty per cent., deducting the sixteen or twenty per cent. less tax on vessels unloading.

A few days since, the Commissioners graciously yielded to the expostulations of the Produce Exchange, and lowered the charge on grain, flour, potatoes and other vegetables, from twelve and a half cents to ten cents the ton. Their action in this respect was so much at variance with all former precedents, that people rubbed their eyes like Rip Van Winkle, after his twenty-years' nap, and doubted the evidence of their own senses. Possibly, other interests are not inferior to those represented by the Produce Exchange, and those other interests have been pleading urgently for a reduction of their taxes. They have been pleading for the people of this city, and of the whole State; they have been pleading for commercial and maritime life, but all in vain. The Commissioners have not only turned a deaf ear to their behests, but have laid on the scourge with additional vigor, for presuming to assert their rights. And why should they not, when such a course elicits the warm and substantial gratitude of employés, who reward their masters' fidelity and ingenuity with improved Jurgensen watches and massive gold chains, elaborately got up in the most costly style. But we do not hear of such regal presents being tendered them by ship-masters, by draymen, by farmers, by consumers, by merchants, by any one interested in the welfare of this city and State. They come only from the crumb-catchers of the Harbor Commissioners' Board. And are these men, who are, or ought to be, mere public servants, to lie coiled forever like a huge boa-constrictor, around the throat of San Francisco's maritime vitality, giving another squeeze every time the victim writhes? It has been openly asserted that the office of Harbor Commissioner had become so lucrative that it could only be obtained for a "great price," imposing the necessity of getting their money back at all hazards. We are not prepared to indorse this statement, but merely give it as a specimen of the bad odor which attaches to the office, caused, probably, by a violent determination to ignore public interests.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS.—The past season has witnessed a heavy influx of fruits into our market from the Pacific coast via the Pacific Railroad. It is estimated that some fifty car-loads, amounting to some five hundred tons, have been received in New York since the first day of July last, and these large shipments have found ready sale at very remunerative prices. The principal fruit shipped is the pear, and these have almost completely eclipsed the finest species produced by our Eastern fruit-growers, in flavor and size. The pears generally commanding the highest prices in our market, on account of being in better condition on receipt here than the majority of invoices, are those from the orchards of Mr. B. S. Fox, an experienced fruit-grower, whose extensive estates are situated near the city of San José, in Santa Clara County. Fruit from these orchards is packed carefully in layers, surrounded with cotton, and consists only of picked and approved specimens, and in consequence upon opening here is found to be in fine condition for immediate sale. Considerable quantities of grapes have also been received and marketed in our city from this region, and a notable instance of the effect of receiving fruit of this kind from California, has been the low price at which imported Malaga grapes are offered in our market, compared with last season. Apples have not been received in any large quantities as yet, but a small shipment of extra fine quality, from an orchard in the valley of the San Joaquin, was upon receipt here carefully repacked and shipped last week to England, where such fruit commands a very high price, especially at this period of the year. The trade in California fruit, in our city, is now established as a regular traffic, and from conversations with dealers who have handled invoices from that section, we conclude that the next season will introduce some very heavy shipments.—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We are under obligations to the Hon. Eugene Casserly, U. S. Senator from California, for a copy of the Annual Agricultural Report of the Agricultural Bureau, for the year 1869. He will please accept our acknowledgments for the compliment.

Wholesale Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by H. CHANNING BEALS, Editor of the *Commercial Herald and Market Review.*

Quotations it should be understood, are intended to represent the wholesale prices obtainable for entire invoices

Bread.			
Pilot, ₱ lb	—	4½@—	5
Navy	—	—@—	4
Crackers in tins	—	—@—	9
Soda Biscuit	—	8@—	10
Cakes in tins	—	10@—	11
Candles.			
Sperm, ₱ lb	—	27½@—	30
do Patent	—	—@—	42½
Adamantine	—	14@—	17½
Cement, etc.			
Rosendale	—	2 75@3 —	
Plaster, Calc'd	—	3 25@3 50	
Cigars.			
Havana	110	—@185	
Cal's Havana	85	—@150	
Conn. do	45	—@ 60	
Manila	50	—@ 60	
Coal.			
Australian	10	—@10 50	
Bell'ham Bay	9	50@—	
California	8	—@ 8 25	
Coos Bay	9	50@—	
Cumber'd cks	22	—@23	
Lehigh	14	—@15	
Liverpool	10	—@11	
Pittston, ton	9	—@—	
Scranton	9	—@—	
Scotch	12	—@12 50	
Vancouver Isl	9	—@ 9 50	
Coffee.			
Costa Rica	—	21½@—	
Guatemala	—	21½@—	
Java, O.G. ₱ lb	—	—@24½	
Kona, green	—	20@—	
Manila	—	20@—	
Rio	—	20½@—	
Cordage.			
Manila, K	—	18@—	19
Manila, Cal	—	18@—	19
Manila made	—	16@—	17
Tarred Cordage	—	18@—	19
Bolt Rope	—	18@—	19
Bale Rope	—	17@—	18
Cotton Twine	—	40@—	50
Flax & H. Twine	—	30@—	40
Drugs, etc.			
Alum	—	4@—	4½
Balsam Cop	—	95@1 —	
Bi-Carbonate of Soda, ₱ lb	—	5½@—	6
Borax, refined	—	35@—	36
Brimstone, Am. roll	—	3½@—	4
do California	—	3½@—	4
Castor Oil, East India, refined	2	50@—	—
Do Baker's	2	25@—	—
Cream Tartar	—	35@—	45
Copperas	—	2@—	3½
Epsom Salts	—	5@—	5½
Hydro Potass	4	40@4	50
Nitric Acid	—	12½@—	16
Opium, Turkish	12	—@13	—
Opium, China, ₱ 10 taels	21	—@22	50
Oil, Annis	4	—@4	50
Sal Soda	—	2½@—	3
Saleratus, ₱ lb	—	8@—	10
Soda Ash	—	3½@—	4
Soda Caustic	—	7@—	7½
Saltpeter, E. I., refined	20	@—	25
Do crude	10	@—	11
Sugar of Lead	40	@—	—
Sulphur, flour	—	8@—	9½
Sulphuric Acid	—	3@—	—
Sulphate Quinine, ₱ oz	2	20@2	25
Tart. Acid, ₱ lb	—	70@—	75
Vitriol, Blue	—	10@—	15
Corks, ₱ 1,000	4	50@5	—
Dry Goods.			
DOMESTIC.			
Drills, bro, 30 in	—	15@—	16
do bl'c'd 28 in	—	13½@—	14½
do blue, 28 in	—	18@—	—
Sheetings, br'n Standard, 36 in	—	13½@—	14½
Do do, med. 36 in	—	12½@—	13½
Do light, 36 in	—	8½@—	9½
Do bl'c'd, 4 light	—	8½@—	9
Do 7-8	—	9½@—	10½
Do 4-4 fine	—	13@—	21
Do 5-4	—	19@—	22
Do 6-4	—	24@—	27
Do 8-4	—	32½@—	37½
Do 10-4	—	40@—	52½
Shirt'g, br'n 30 in	—	9@—	10½
Apron and Furniture Check	—	16@—	18
Cambrics, col'd and bleached	—	9½@—	10½
Cot'n F'l, heavy	—	20@—	30
Cot'n F'l, light	—	18@—	20
Cottonades	—	25@—	35
Denims, hvy 28 in	—	18@—	28
do light, 27 in	—	12@—	14
Hickory Stripes, heavy, 28 in	—	14@—	18
Do light, 27 in	—	11½@—	13
Prints, Merimac and Cochecos	—	10½@—	11½
Do Sprague, Pacific and Hamilton	—	10½@—	11
Ticks, hvy, 36 in	—	18@—	30
do do 30 in	—	16@—	30
do do 28 in	—	13@—	16
Cot. Duck, 1 to 10	—	49@—	28
do 1-0 to 12-0	—	50@—	86
do Ravens, 28 in	—	20@—	45
Kentucky Jeans	—	18@—	40
FOREIGN.			
Drills, blc'd, 25 in	—	20@—	40
Hickory Stripes, 28 in	—	12½@—	14
Cottonades, 26 in	—	25@—	40
Denims, 26 in	—	12@—	14
Table Damasks, bich'd Union, 7-4@8-4	—	50@—	75
Do do Linen 7-4 @8-4	—	70@1	25
Do br'n, 7-4@8-4	—	60@—	75
Diaper, Russian	—	—@—	25
Burlaps, 36 inch	—	—@—	9
do 40 inch	—	—@—	10
do 60 inch	—	14@—	15
Print, 32 in, Eng	—	18@—	20
Sheet's, bro, 36 in	—	13@—	14
do do 30 in	—	10@—	11
do bleac'd, 3-4	—	29@—	35
do Russia	—	28@—	30
Flax Canvas, Eng. No 1 to 0, ₱ bolt	—	9@14	—
Oregon Cassim's	—	75@1	20
Gray Overshirts ₱ doz	—	10 50@21	—
Blue and Red do	—	14@18	—
California do	—	15 50@25	30
Hickory Shirts	—	5@12	—
Check Linen do	—	6@13	50
Enfield mixed Undershirts and Drawers	6	50@9	—
Satinet Pants	—	21@30	—
Cassimere, do	—	36@60	—
Overalls	—	7@12	—
Reef Jackets	—	3 75@6	—
Goodyear's bl'k Rubber Coats	3	50@4	50
Do white do	4	50@5	50
Do slate color	1	50@3	—
Fish.			
Cod, dry, ₱ lb	—	6@—	11
Mackerel, No 1, ₱ hf bbl	—	14 50@15	—
Do No 1, ₱ kitt	3	75@4	—
Salmon, pickled, ₱ lb	—	4½@—	5
Do smoked	—	7@—	—
Flour.			
Alviso Mills	5	25@6	50
Commer'l Mills	5	25@6	50
Golden Gate	5	25@6	50
Golden Age	5	25@6	50
National Mills	5	25@6	50
Oregon	5	25@6	50
Stockton City	5	25@6	50
Santa Clara	5	25@6	50
French Conserves.			
Fruits in Syrup	8	—@10	—
Vinegar	—	45@—	50
Sardines, hf bx	—	—@3	75
Sardines, qr bx	—	—@2	75
Fruits and Preserves.			
Apples, Dried	—	6@—	6½
Peaches, Dried	—	10@—	12
Figs, Smyrna, ₱ lb	—	—@—	—
Do new	—	20@—	25
Prunes, Hung'n	16	@—	17
Raisins, Layer, ₱ box	—	4@4	75
Currants, Zante	—	16@—	17
Citron	—	40@—	45
Almonds, Marseilles, ₱ lb	—	25@—	27½
Almonds, Lanc	—	30@—	32½
Chili Walnuts	—	8@—	9
Peanuts, Cal	—	6@—	7
Ginger, Pres'rd, ₱ case	—	6@6	25
Ass'd Pie Fruit, qts, American	2	50@—	—
Do English	3	50@—	—
Fresh Cranberries, ₱ gallon	—	60@—	75
Currant Jelly, 2-lb tins	4	50@4	75
Honey, 2-lb tins	3	25@4	—
Green Corn	2	50@3	—
Green Peas	—	—@3	—
Oysters	2	75@3	—
Clams	2	75@—	—
Lobster, 2-lb tins	4	—@—	—
Turkey, 2-lb tins	3	75@4	—
Chicken	4	@4	25
Gherkins, qts	2	25@—	—
do hf gal	3	—@4	—
Cucumbers, kgs, ₱ gallon	—	40@—	45
Grain.			
Wheat, Cal	2	—@2	20
do Oregon	2	20@2	25
Barley, brewing	1	35@1	40
do feed	1	25@1	30
Oats, California	1	25@1	50
Corn, White	1	50@1	60
do Yellow	1	50@1	60
Peas, Split	—	5@—	6
Beans, Bayos	—	2@—	—
do White	—	2@—	—
Gunny Bags.			
In bales, each	—	—@—	25
In bundles	—	—@—	20
Cheekun's	—	—@—	22
Gunpowder.			
Cal. Blasting	—	—@2	50
Dupont's Blasting, ₱ keg	—	—@2	25
Hazard's do do	—	—@2	25
CANISTER.			
Haz. K R't, ₱ lb	—	—@—	50
do Electric	—	—@1	—
do Am. Sport	—	—@—	75
Dupont, F F F G	—	—@—	50
Hardware.			
Hunt's Axes, ₱ dozen	16	—@17	—
Do Handled	17	—@18	—
Long Handled Shovels	11	—@12	—
Nails, Cut, ₱ lb	—	5@—	6
do Wrought	7	@—	—
Hay.			
California, ₱ ton	10	—@15	—
Hides.			
Dry, ₱ lb	—	16@—	17½
Green Salted	—	7@—	—
Hops.			
California, '69	—	3@—	5
do 1870	—	10@—	12½
Lime.			
California	2	—@2	25
Leather.			
Sole, Oak Tan'd, ₱ lb	—	22@—	25
Harness Oak	—	32@—	33
Do Fir Tanned	—	36@—	30
Skirting, Oak	—	32@—	35
Do Fir Tanned	—	30@—	32
Bridle, Oak, ₱ side	3	75@4	—
Do Fir Tanned	3	—@4	—
Calf Skins, Oak Tanned, ₱ lb	80	@1	10
Do Fir Tanned	90	@1	—
Kip Skins, Oak Tanned, ₱ lb	45	@—	75
Do Fir Tanned	38	@—	60
Wax Leather, ₱ foot	—	15@—	18
Do Fir Tanned	—	14@—	17
Sheep Skins, ₱ dozen	2	50@4	—
Lumber.			
Humboldt, assorted, ₱ M	14	—@15	—
Puget Sound do	14	—@15	—
Redw'd Boards	16	—@17	—
Redwood Floor	26	—@28	—
do Fencing	18	—@20	—
Port Orford Cedar	45	—@50	—
East'n Lumber	70	—@—	—
do Oak, Hickory and Ash Plank	60	—@75	—
Shingles, Redw	2	50@2	75
Latha, Cal	3	00@3	25
Matches.			
Parlor	3	—@